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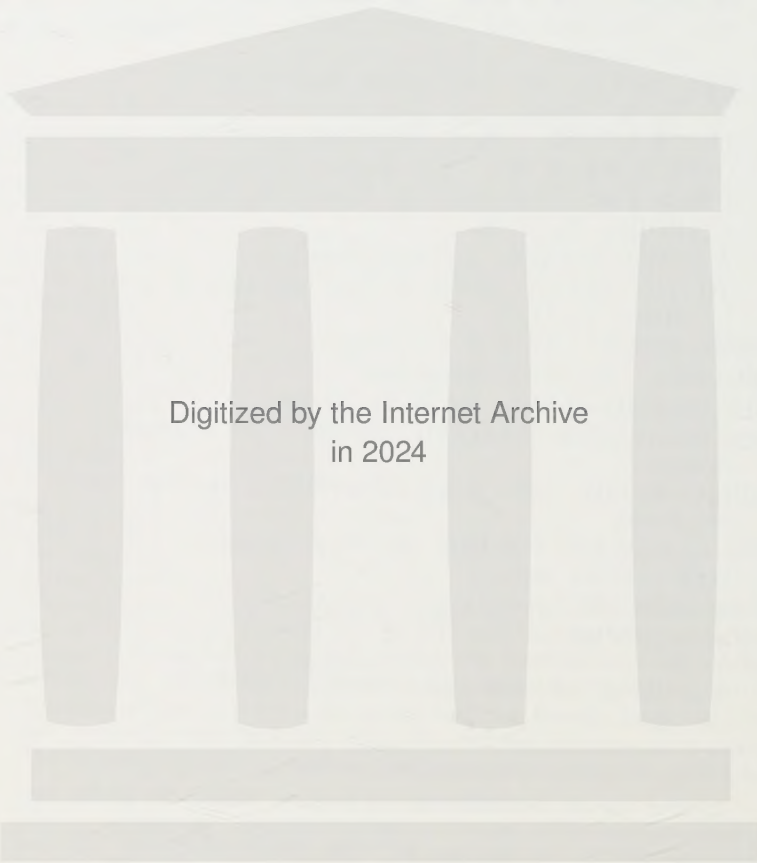
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# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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## IN MEMORIAM: F. R. H.

*By William Jeffrey*

WHEN word went round that you had died, Fred Higgins,  
A wild dissent flashed up in friendly eyes :  
That reed of song (it said) cannot be broken,  
That lark descend not out of Wicklow skies—  
For is he not a strolling slip of Nature  
That drinks in heaven's creameries of light,  
That gallivants the miles from Meath to Mayo  
And tunes the wind that sings on Nephin's height ?  
But soon the disbelief gave place to sorrow,  
Too soon your clay descended to dark clay,  
Your toil with song and with a pack of players  
Unfinished, and your life at noon of day.  
O harsh the ruling of the towering raven ;  
Surely some tyrant had deserved the stroke.  
But we must rail not. Whether sad or merry,  
You swung your shoulders to the common yoke.

Now take the earth that reared you. Be its spirit.  
Attend upon its nurseries of dew,  
Deck gaily all its hills with brittle silver,  
And fold its lakes in wizardries of blue.  
Then sometimes at the pleasant sup of evening,  
When bowls of western light enfold love's star,  
You may be seen at inn doors or by hedges,  
Breathed on by Beauty in her jaunting car.

Not yours the clitter-clash of platform'd faction,  
Not yours the aping of Homeric song,  
But strength in smallness yours, and phrases lovely  
As kingfishers above the salmon throng.  
And best : you loved the shy thought of the people,  
And loved to angle from its sloe-dark wells  
The naked speech and lead her home to stanzas  
Smooth-hinged on silk and echoing with bells.

# THE FINDING OF THE TÁIN

*By Roibeárd Ó Faracháin*

By ashing sods where shadows mope  
a cailleach puffs a pipe to ash,  
and fumbles under thoughts like smoke  
for words that lift the spirit's latch :

words that have crept down time on rungs  
of country cailleachs' tongues, unchanged,  
flushing with flame the smoke that clung  
around a race's heritage.

The scholars grope from text to text,  
piecing again, for Ireland's pride,  
the glass shattered to silver specks,  
so she may see her morning eyes.

And yet no scribe's pen could have scratched,  
nor scholars spelt back Ireland's eyes,  
nor cailleachs' mumblings under thatch  
made candled nights for country boys,

nor poets fed from shining jet  
with welling water their God's-plot  
had not the Dove drawn back to breath  
the epic Ireland had forgot,

drawn back to breathing flesh Mac Roy  
and, re-enduing ghost with bone,  
wormed from his shuddering tongue the Táin,  
and laid him down to death, alone.

*Poet, cailleach, and country boy,  
scholar, and scribe, and you my friend,  
pray : Colm Cille, that brought our joy  
out of the grave, get us all good end.*

# THE LOVES OF THE RED MAN'S WIFE

*By Temple Lane*

BEYOND the island the breakers stagger and spill  
 All night and day with a roar from a bull's throat.  
 But here in harbour the place is sober-still :  
 The waves are thin on the red weed : a boat  
 Lies like an old shoe, thrown in and left to float.

And the man who took me to Church is quite and tame  
 As others except his head—the very thing  
 That turned my mind to him first, a little flame  
 Of sunset before frost on a gull's wing,  
 And from my fingers like wire it can curl and spring.

Did the singer in the town across the bay  
 Pass round my name for a hansel ? He'll not find  
 Another, dearer to me, on a Fair Day  
 To sell for drink ; the same is in my mind  
 An unbroken shell grief's tide has left behind.

Beside *his* gate the blackberries were bright  
 As polished boots on a Sunday : the fuschia hedge  
 Dripped all its love-red blossoms, folding tight  
 Their purple hearts of prayer : rain on the edge  
 Of the twigs made tears, warm as our own half-shed.

And what he said is written on my brain,  
 And what I said can never go to loss  
 Being written on God's heart—and in mine the pain  
 Of an oyster's pearl is hidden when breakers toss.  
 The hurrying sea on dead men sets no Cross.

I am glad that he will never be alone,  
 Or in places where he must pay for company ;  
 Will never find indifference deep as bone  
 In the face of foreigners who cannot see  
 The pictures behind his kind talk, guessed by me.

I am glad that when I walk alone on the beach  
 I can think, with every wave a storm sends driving,  
 That there perhaps is thrown within my reach  
 One fragment of all he was, by God's contriving  
 Who builds new earth all day from all and each.

But that-one, the maker of songs who has the tongue  
 Too loose on the hinge, the whine as well as the wink—  
 There was never one who grieved or drowned or was young  
 But only himself. Would he kill for me? or think?—  
 Let words flap scarecrows when he gets the drink!

I shall find contentment, as others have found and died  
 Who looked at this sand-belt: my man's mother, dead  
 Before I came here. I think at the ebb tide  
 She saw the light on weed, as I see it, red—  
 And all her dreaming flamed on her child's head.

## THE MARTYRS

*By J. Redwood Anderson*

EXPERT of pain and Lovers of strange death,  
 —for in that pain, that death, what secret bliss?  
 Air's vast serene takes the small troubled Breath,  
 the total Was-and-Will-Be the brief Is!—  
 who knows the hug of your fierce ecstasies?  
 the anguished sweet of each deliberate pang?  
 how your souls savoured the iron's angry kiss?  
 and in the shrieking flame what Angel sang?  
 For they are fools who dream that God designed  
 good as man's only good, and shout: *All's well!*  
 when nothing suffers. Did not the same Mind  
 that thought the joys of Heaven think also Hell?  
 Blessed are you, that made of your clear pain  
 a conscious chalice for God's thirst to drain.

## DUBLIN MADE ME

*By Donagh MacDonagh*

DUBLIN made me and no little town  
With the country closing in on its streets,  
The cattle walking proudly on its pavements,  
The jobbers, the gombeenmen and the cheats

Devouring the Fair Day between them,  
A public-house to half a hundred men,  
And the teacher, the solicitor and the bank clerk  
In the hotel bar, drinking for ten.

Dublin made me, not the secret poteen still,  
The raw and hungry hills of the West,  
The lean road flung over profitless bog  
Where only a snipe could nest,

Where the sea takes its tithe of every boat.  
Bawneen and curragh have no allegiance of mine,  
Nor the cute, self-deceiving talkers of the South  
Who look to the East for a sign.

The soft and dreary midlands with their tame canals  
Wallow between sea and sea, remote from adventure,  
And Northward a far and fortified province  
Crouches beneath the lash of arid censure.

I disclaim all fertile meadows, all tilled land,  
The evil that grows from it, and the good,  
But the Dublin of old statutes, this arrogant city,  
Stirs proudly and secretly in my blood.

# I SAW TWO PIGEONS

*By Francis MacManus*

I SAW two pigeons making love  
Above a chapel door ;  
Breast and wing in sunlight moved,  
Grey as the warm stone.

The portal pillar, faith, springs up ;  
The pillar, hope, beside,  
Overarched with charity :  
There love resides.

O people passing into Mass,  
Would pillars leap at all  
If love perished from the arch,  
Wouldn't the world fall ?

Love that moves the sun and men  
As wings on sunlit stone,  
If love fell to lovelessness,  
Wouldn't God be done ?

Let riddles rack philosophy,  
Wings on the arch are free :  
Up to the peak of the Trinity  
Rises charity.

I saw two pigeons making love  
As I went into Mass ;  
Breast and wing in sunlight moved  
Over all who passed.

## À TROIS

By Y. L.

### (1) EFFET DE SOLEIL. (Gauguin)

THE sun beheld from his lapis pavilion  
 The high old trees  
 Like masts of unknown barques  
 Anchored in golden seas.  
 To his lambent breath  
 They held out their dark splendour  
 And green-shining sails.  
 The wind paced the clouds, and swiftly  
 A tree mounted her pyre of copper and olive and gold :  
 Phoenix of strange ecstasy,  
 Amid chant of unseen birds.

### (2) ARLES

A PAINTER took for palette  
 The sun's imagery,  
 Pale radiance and molten savagery,  
 Magnificence of creative thrust ;  
 Till he was left remote  
 In a world unhorizoned and inviolate.  
 Immolated to eternal vision  
 He, with strange haste and backward glance,  
 Sank to the inarticulate  
 Disintegrating chaos of defeat,  
 And seared by promethean agony  
 Spat on the clay of the vehement blind.

## (3) LA CATHÉDRALE

THESE hands have made war,  
Ravaged and scattered ;  
And faltered amidst desolation  
For the soul of broken things.

Ages have taught them to fashion  
The pleasant things of earth :  
To draw music from stringed instrument,  
Make stone and ivory malleable,  
And flaming colour, light and darkness ;  
To drift on strange forbidding seas  
And write of unfathomed dreams,  
The husk of ecstasy.

And now,  
The empty hands,  
Held inviolate,  
Measure forth the seventh day  
And return to Thee.

## A LOVER SPEAKS

*By Niall Sheridan*

I HAVE not bartered youth  
 for any easy truth,  
 nor measured all my good  
 in saw and platitude.  
 What if my soul in grief  
 writhed as a flame-licked leaf—  
 have I not known a joy  
 unmingled with alloy? . . . .

For what words can ensnare  
 in any mood of hers  
 the magic that bestirs  
 all the neighbouring air,  
 that ever changing grace  
 shadowed in her face,  
 the ivory of her cheek—  
 lineaments that speak  
 of beauty past all seeing.  
 Oh, I have felt my being  
 shake from heel to head  
 at her approaching tread,  
 a thin and sweet wind blown  
 through every limb and bone.

Enough! This hymn of praise  
 is powerless to efface  
 the weary dull disgrace  
 of empty days;  
 and all ecstatic bliss  
 robs the good it gave,  
 wanes from kiss to kiss—  
 the high, tip-curling wave  
 leaves behind no more  
 than spent foam on the shore.

Once I would rant and shout  
 if such a word were said,  
 putting clamorous rout  
 on heart-besieging dread ;  
 but now I summon forth  
 from my heart's inmost kernel  
 reasons of more worth,  
 pledged against the diurnal  
 ebbing of our love ;  
 and here I set it down,  
 nor have I need to prove  
 what no man may destroy,  
 be he sage or clown—  
 my testament of joy :

Her beauty is not such  
 as may be held to cost,  
 merely possessed by touch,  
 and so as quickly lost ;  
 a covenant beyond  
 the frontiers of flesh  
 weaves our wordless bond,  
 a close and tenuous mesh  
 through heart and brain,  
 invulnerable as rain,  
 not to be rent asunder  
 by storm or raging wind,  
 for she has such a mind  
 can find a theme for wonder  
 in every passing scene.  
 Ours is a love that plays,  
 a wandering bright skein,  
 upon the loom of days,  
 a leaven at the core  
 of this terrestrial mime,  
 a sweet elusive store  
 beyond the hand of time . . . .

And I, who have been drowned  
 in the bright pool of her eye,  
 with soul in hazard found  
 the truth I sing—  
 Eternity may lie  
 within a pendulum's swing.

## TO THY GHOST, SEEN AFTER DELIRIUM

*By Hilda Collison*

To return from Hades of projected torments,  
 sorcerers' fancies, devils' fantasies,—  
 feeling again the high airs of thy happiness,  
 tasting again the wood-sorrel and the clean spring bitterness  
 of thy mysterious shadow-self ;  
 here is a complete recompense,  
 here a sufficient spiritual gift.

I wandered long in Limbo and alone ;  
 I lost thee, and my spirit, having thee not,  
 broke and crumbled like bread.  
 I strayed in ways of terror and forgetfulness,  
 for, without thee, the rainbow garlands  
 of my mind's gathering were scattered, all  
 her lovely ribbons loosed ;  
 her daffodils and olives were no more  
 that had so brightly shone, mild in thy presence  
 who walked in her fair paths, whose gentle radiance  
 lightened the leaves and flowers . . . . .

Since I have fought the pigmy host  
 that did besiege me so, those wanton thoughts  
 and not-thoughts, which would steal from me  
 all memory of being, and at last  
 steal me from life :—since I have found  
 again my mind's dear garden, wilt thou not praise me ?  
 wilt thou not give me, victor, now,  
 a crown of olives ?—wilt thou not come  
 bearing a flower from fields of asphodel ?

Thou walkest never in that sunlit place.  
 Thine is a footstep heard on the threshold ;  
 thine is a presence made known only to the blind.  
 Thy gifts are new-born sensation, new-born suffering.—  
 Tantalus, Eurydice, Echo,—  
 I am all these at once and individually,  
 waiting thy daffodil,  
 waiting thy tribute,  
 thine olive-crown.

# JAMES JOYCE

By A. J. Leventhal

THE end of the last century was looked upon in its own day as degenerate. In the very first volume of the *Yellow Book*, published half way through the nineties, there is an article condemning the new realism. The author hears in Swinburne the decadent voice of the failing Roman Republic and in the lately published fiction he senses what he would be inclined to liken to the outspoken brutality of Restoration drama. It is amusing that the very publication, which contains this denunciation of its own epoch and is illustrated by Beardsley, should have become the symbol of the so-called decadent nineties. The yellow colour itself has jaundiced critical appraisal of this period much as the Baudelarian green has produced a popular prognosis of malignancy in *fin-de-siècle* cross-channel literature. What could be more malignant than the echo of this prejudice in Mulligan's comment in *Ulysses*: "A new art colour for our Irish poets—snotgreen?"

It would seem that the closing of the century, with its reaction against the prevailing literary fashion, could only be satisfactorily explained by the devotees of Victoria as the degeneration provoked by old age. Impatience with a family formula that transposed "leg" into "limb" was translated by the old guard into the bawdiness of senility, or if they spoke in our modern medical jargon, they might have referred to the arteriosclerosis of four score years and ten. The naughty nineties, however, were no product of high blood pressure, but an exuberance of youth. It was not realised that a new beauty was being born and that it was its detractors themselves that deserved only the pomp of burial. T. S. Eliot's impressive final line in *East Coker* might easily serve as a devise for the nineteenth century:

"In my end is my beginning."

Tennyson, the last great poet of the era, the ultimate whale-bone of a corseted convention, snapped his anger against the disruption of his beloved idyllic mode:

"Rip your brothers' vices open, strip your own foul  
passion bare;

Down with Reticence, down with Reverence—forward—  
naked—let them stare!"

The Laureate's ironical advice was taken. Backed by Zola and the Goncourts, Verlaine and Rimbaud, Ibsen and Tolstoy, the new literature, with its Thomas Hardy, its George Moore, its Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, carried on confidently from the emancipatory if somewhat alien swoon of Swinburne to a native Naturalism. They fought prejudice and false modesty. They exposed cancers. The pillars of society—marriage, family and Church—were shaken and the rottenness revealed. The period of passionate realism had taken the place of a placid self-imposed myopia.

Moore, Shaw and the young Yeats had each in their separate ways added their contribution to the new point of view. Yeats, however, decided that his inspiration lay in Ireland. He persuaded George Moore to join him. The Gaelic revival and the Irish Literary Theatre movement was the Anglo-Irish response to the realistic stimulus. James Joyce, who had already as a young man of nineteen contributed an article on Ibsen to the *Fortnightly Review*, found occasion in his *Day of the Rabblement*—a brief essay which was commissioned by the editor of *St. Stephen's* and rejected by the Censor but afterwards published separately in a pamphlet—to rail against the cowardice of the directors of the theatre in not adhering to their original plan to produce European masterpieces.

“But of course the directors are shy of presenting Ibsen, Tolstoy or Hauptman, when even *Countess Cathleen* is pronounced vicious and damnable.”

Already there are signs of the restiveness in his character which was to send him for the greater part of his life into exile.

“Until he has freed himself from the mean influences about him . . . no man is an artist at all . . . Elsewhere there men who are worthy to carry on the tradition of the old master who is dying in Christiania. He has already found his successor in the writer of *Michael Kramer*, and the third minister will not be wanting when his hour comes.”

Writing years later of the youthful Stephen Dedalus in the *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* Joyce declares:—“As he went by Baird's stonecutting works in Talbot Place the spirit of

Ibsen would blow through him like a keen wind." Hardly twenty years of age he has, like his characters in *Dubliners*, an urge to escape from the circumambient life. He feels himself ringed round by the rabblement avid to make him conform to pattern. Unlike the characters in his first prose book, who have a Tchecovian Moscow calling them to a journey they will never make, he believes that, despite his poverty, he will make the grand tour and perhaps as the third minister after Ibsen and Tolstoy carry on their tradition untrammelled by the favour of the multitude. In the words of Stephen in the *Portrait*: "There was a lust of wandering in his feet that burned to set out for the ends of the earth."

And then *Chamber Music*. Joyce the careful artificer, like Picasso in his early work, stakes his claim to academic craftsmanship on these old-world lyrics played on a well-tempered spinet. Elegantly poised on this rhythmic springboard of poesy he has yet to plunge into a sea of discovery. L. A. G. Strong, in a recent article on Joyce, says that when A.E. was shown these poems he declared to the author: "Young man, you have not enough chaos in your mind." "This judgment," says Mr. Strong, "must go down as one of criticism's greatest bloomers." On the contrary, it seems to me to have been not only a natural comment on "these ghostly old tunes played on an old instrument" (as Arthur Symons has it), but a shrewd prod to the youngster to call in Dionysos to rift his Apollan lute. For A.E.'s phrase is doubtless an echo of Nietzsche's aphorism: "One must have chaos within to enable one to give birth to a dancing star." Whether or not James Joyce would have of his own accord created for himself afresh a pre-creative tohu-bohu, it is certain that A.E. with his bountiful gift of understanding sensed that the young man with the apple in his throat, if he were not to go the way of all young tenors (consigned by Provost Mahaffy to the devil according to John Eglinton), needed for his salvation the barbaric onslaught of the wild man of Thrace. The ultimate Joyce is the Dionysiac who never abandoned the lyre of Apollo.

But I anticipate. *Dubliners*, with its careful character drawing, its unforgettable pictures of the city which was to be the inspiration of the author throughout his lifetime, is already an indication of Joyce's photographic powers. He recorded the actual phrases, the turns of speech, of his fellow citizens, depending for colour on the naturalness of his characters against a Dublin

that has no hint of a studio background. Here and there there is evidence that a copy of the *Psychopathia Sexualis* had fallen into his hands. In the main, however, he is preoccupied with the futility of the lives around him. His stories have a *feuilleton* quality. A priest, who has befriended the narrator, breaks a chalice, goes mad and dies. The tawdry reality of a bazaar is unexpectedly revealed. A girl fails at the last moment to take her chance of escape from an intolerable home. *Two Gallants*, probably the first story in English of a gigolo, is a triumph in the art of short story writing, holding the interest and withholding the climax until the last line. *The Dead*, which concludes the book, has a memorable description of a middle-class party the final paragraph of which, by the artistry of the prose, dismisses at once the criticism often levelled at the author that he was in this work a mere note taker, a picker up of considered trifles :

“ Yes, the newspapers were right : snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.”

The Naturalist movement has almost exhausted itself by the time *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* appears and the novel is acquiring a new direction by means of changed psychological processes. Introspection leads to autobiographical fiction and there is a vogue for the story of the author's early life and development such as Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street*. This was published in 1914, two years before the *Portrait*. I remember it as a novel which might be the life of any young Oxford undergraduate with sensibility. The *Portrait*, however, is not any self-picture in Burlington House ; it is the unfolding adolescence of a unique personality. It has an unsuppressed realism tempered

with religious fury and a kind of aesthetic ecstasy. Dublin once more, but yet not quite the same city as in *Dubliners*. It is a city lit up with the flame of a young man who believes in his destiny. He has sinned and he has purified himself through retreat and confessional. He knows the horror and punishment that awaits the unabsolved sinner and the blessed joyousness of the state of grace.

These are his schoolboy experiences, but the University finds him more careless of the benefits of conforming. He has doubts about the dogmas of the Church in which he was so rigorously nurtured but nevertheless he bases his aesthetic on the teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas. Cranly—a fellow-student—tells him bluntly that his mind is supersaturated with the religion in which he says he disbelieves. He may indeed disbelieve out of impatience with the Jesuit gyves that seemed to shackle him to Catholic Ireland and from which he knew he could never escape.

"The shortest way to Tara," said Stephen, "was *via* Holyhead." Joyce had the utmost contempt for George Moore's conversion, which he explains in the *Day of the Rabblement* as a possible effort by the convert, already drawing on his literary account, to find a new impulse. Holyhead for Joyce was not as it was for George Moore an excuse for reading the Bible nor minimising the Roman Catholic contribution to literature since the Reformation. Nor was it just the call of Paris, Trieste and Zürich. He felt that his destiny lay in exile. The word swarms everywhere in his work. It is even the title of his one play. Whilst Leopold Bloom, Stephen's Sancho Panza and central figure in *Ulysses*, is like himself an exile, his feet insecurely planted on Irish soil, his head amid the Eastern stars.

It is in exile that Joyce completes the *Portrait* to be followed by *Ulysses*, forging in the smithy of his soul the uncreated conscience of his race—grandiose conception with which he concludes his first novel. In his proximity to an Irish revival, he is unaware of its significance. Irish art is for him "the cracked looking-glass of a servant." And thus to him *Ulysses* is an experiment not merely in a new technique but a racial resurrection. If he is to be aligned with the Anglo-Irish revival it can only be chronologically. He is familiar with the work of his contemporaries, just as he knows everything connected with his native country

except, perhaps, the Irish language of which he has not any more than was the equipment of the average cultured young Irishman brought up in the same *milieu* as himself. His parodies of Synge, his reconstruction of literary conversations in the National Library, indicate his familiarity with the leading intellects of his early years, but they also show that he stood outside them. The bawdy mockery of Mulligan is a commentary out of character for Stephen but is yet an expression of Joyce's own reaction to the surrounding artistic stirrings. Joyce's vision must be a new one forged in a self-imposed exile. Dublin will be recaptured by him in a European aura. And though Dublin will be reproduced meticulously—not an error in a tram number—its importance as a local guide book is negligible. Its very exactness, its lack of suppressions, the everyman quality of Bloom, its limitless soaring fancy, its noise and its music, its humour now Aristophanic now Rabelaisian now Sternesque now Joycean impure and simple, its births, pubs and burials by day and *maisons de tolérance* by night, have a universal appeal attendant on a successful regionalism.

Thus the quarrel on the subject of *Ulysses* as a regional or universal work between Ernest Boyd and Valéry Larbaud becomes understandable. The former picks on those characteristics which fit Joyce into his literary renaissance frame. He is overwhelmed by the fact that the whole stuff of *Ulysses*, its background and characters, is native of the soil (even Bloom is born in Ireland), but, as Valéry Larbaud points out, Stephen Dedalus “par ses aspirations et par sa vie cosmopolite sort de son milieu intellectuel natal.” That *Ulysses* should have excited the interest of French critics (to the extent of a translation into that language—no tyro's task), and of the great German critic E. R. Curtius is in itself a proof that if Joyce sought Tara by way of Holyhead, his discovery has more than the parochial implication of the resumption of the stringed music within its halls.

The acceptance of *Ulysses* by cultured Europe and America has set aside for ever the first judgment of unintelligibility by a startled critical world. It evidently does not seem to matter if local Dublin allusions are lost and that one critic is held up by a reference to “Varian's.” In the same way it matters equally little whether the reader is familiar with Homer's *Odyssey*, either in the original or translation, for the appreciation of Joyce's work. There has been a surfeit of gloss, a confusion of commentary on

this book—a bad habit caught from the too talkative surrealist painters. The excess of notes over queries is more likely to deter than attract the average reader. Joyce, in the face of provocation and abuse, has maintained the silence in creation which he enjoined upon himself in the *Portrait*: “using for my defence. . . . silence, exile and cunning.” He has in this regard modelled himself on Ibsen. In his essay in the *Fortnightly* mentioned above, he singles out an English criticism of the dramatist as a “muck-ferreting dog.” This was the type of criticism which was to be meted out to himself, his most vocal detractor being the defunct racing-cum-*risqué* journal known as the *Pink 'Un*. And in writing of the great Norwegian he forecast his own attitude to the tempest of calumny and insult that was to swirl round him :—

“It would appear as if the storm of fierce debate rarely broke in upon his wonderful calm. The conflicting voices have not influenced his work in the very smallest degree.”

Nevertheless Joyce did explain himself. I do not refer to the works produced by some of the writers that gathered round him in Paris. These works may, in many cases, owe their illuminations and footnotes to Joyce's private table talk. Perhaps this was how his “cunning” enabled him to maintain “silence” in accordance with his *Portrait* vows. In the body of *Ulysses* itself Leopold Bloom, in one of his interior monologues, explains what Lewis Carroll called the portmanteau word but which assumed a much wider significance with Joyce :—

“She used to say Ben Dollard had a base barrel-tone voice. He had legs like barrels and you'd think he was singing into a barrel. Now isn't that wit? . . . Powerful man he was at storing away number one Bass. Barrel of Bass. See? It all works out.”

The new verbal notation based on the occasional pun was quite effective. It gave a kinetic quality to his word compounding. One had to be ready for the *double* or treble *entendre* (not necessarily in the pejorative sense). In the colossal conception of *Ulysses* these verbal humorous velleities relieve the overwhelming tempo of the changing episodes like Shakespeare's puns in high moments of tragedy. Apart from Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear, Swift

(*Polite Conversation*) and *Keats (Letters)*, Joyce is preceded in the serious as opposed to the nonsense use of the compound word by Jules Laforgue. The latter certainly influenced T. S. Eliot but whether or not Joyce was aware of a punning invention like the second word in the phrase "hontes sangsuelles" there is not any evidence to show. Léon Paul Fargue, a poet contemporaneous with Joyce, also indulged in similar neologisms quite independently of the latter. In Fargue's view poetry "est le seul rêve où il ne faille pas rêver." This is likewise true of Joyce whose hallucinations, verbal or otherwise are conscious conceptions and refute those who would link them with the automatic writing of the surrealists. Moreover he has little in common with the arbitrary infantilism of Gertrude Stein, except the appearance of both writers in the same periodicals and a sense of verbal music.

The parallel that suggests itself is with Arthur Rimbaud. Elsewhere I wrote the following :—

"Rimbaud believed in God. His whole preoccupation is with the Deity, even if it is only to deny or blaspheme. Brought up in a strict Catholic household, his rebellious spirit turns bitingly against dogma and convention. He sneers and rails against Church, God, State and humanity with an irony that equals the mature disgust of Swift, but with a tendency to a new and evocative alchemy of the word . . . . Rimbaud's genius cannot be explained away as the natural ebullience of protesting precocity. There is grossness but there is greatness . . ."

Change Rimbaud to Joyce, remove the question of precociousness and the foregoing applies to the subject of this essay. The parallel, however, does not end here. Despite the sneer common to both they share a sense of divine power. Rimbaud, in a famous letter, declared that he would be a God. He dabbled in mysticism and the Cabala. As a powerful creative being he saw himself at the least as the equal of the Angel of Light if not of the Supreme Being. How near to this view is Joyce in the well-known passage in the *Portrait* :—

"The mystery of esthetic, like that of material creation, is accomplished. The artist, like the God of

creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails."

The same tendency can be seen in Joyce's identification of himself with the Godhead in the allusion in *Ulysses* to Christ-Stephen, "the son striving to be atoned with the father"; in the identification, in the National Library scene, of Stephen with Shakespeare who is "the greatest creator after God" as well as in the very name Dedalus which is for him "a symbol of the artist forging . . . out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable being." Joyce could have said of Stephen in Catullus's line:—

"Ille me par esse deo videtur."

It is with a supra-terrestrial fingernail-paring static indifference (no pornographic kinesis here) that Joyce writes the Mrs. Bloom monologue. He feels himself above his handiwork. If there be mortal who shudders at the revelation, so much the more mortal he.

Rimbaud reached a stage when he announced that it was given to him to comprehend all things but "ne sachant m'exprimer sans paroles païennes je voudrais me taire." Joyce must also have believed that he had reached the same stage of omniscience but, unlike Rimbaud, he was determined to express himself. He found the barbaric language that escaped Rimbaud and published the mazed mosaic—*Finnegan's Wake*.

Much has been written in praise and blame of this extraordinary timeless comedy in which the central figure, called by many names in many languages or familiarly by his initials H. C. E., moves in limitless space. Samuel Beckett has demonstrated the debt which the author owes to the Italian philosopher Vico. Stuart Gilbert has analysed line, word and syllable. Eugene Jolas has invoked myth and anamorphosis and made an irrefutable case for word coinage. Thomas McGreevy has underlined the Catholic *motif*, its purgatorial aspect. Robert McAlmon appreciates the work as a word ballet. Desmond MacCarthy takes a census and finds that none of his friends has read the work right through.

There is no doubt that musically the prose of *Finnegan's Wake* is incomparable. There is even less doubt that, outside science and philosophy, there has never been contained in a single printed page such a wealth of concentration: allusions to history

and literature, humour, satire, echos, scraps of different tongues, impropriety, movement. The riches are embarrassing. A sentence to be followed must be read at least twice for the two meanings that are inevitable and for the third and fourth that may be suggested visually and aurally. To read three pages is to be amused and stimulated but it is to be exhausted also. *Work in Progress*—as it was known before its ultimate title—appeared originally in separate short episodes. This was wise. It lent itself to absorption in small quantities. One could appreciate the uncanny craftsmanship, patting one's self on the back for recognising an echo of the Upanishads, of A. A. Milne, the Bible, Dublin topography, Scandinavian myth, Waterloo station and battle, old popular songs and so following, but miserably aware also that hundreds of allusions were escaping one. Joyce's melomania carries his multilingual prose along in a rhythmic swing. But hesitate as one must for the meaning and one is bogged. There are works by surrealists, written, painted or wrought, that make no pretence at communication. They are self-confessed outpourings from the unconscious. But here there is obviously some plan, a conscious scheme, which, despite the explanations of his "examinators" remains hidden as a complete work. Unintentionally Joyce has constructed for himself an ivory tower of Babel.

There is pleasure to be had from the apotheosis of the pun in the hands of this master of the syllable, from his confident bull and conscious blunder, from his studied stammer and spatch-cocked spoonerisms. In an age of experiment this work stands out as a splendid effort to find a new medium. Joyce has dared to invent the heathen speech at which Rimbaud balked. He has made real words out of the flesh and bones of many languages, whilst other pioneers could only string together a series of arbitrary syllables. It is magnificent but it is a failure. *Ulysses* had written *finis* to the Naturalist movement that began in the nineties, reaching a zenith in psychological realism. *Finnegan's Wake* is literature, destined for the scholar and the curious. There are treasures, some of which are already being rifled with impunity by ghoulish writers and bar-parlour wits, that we may yet be given to appreciate. Later generations may learn the language and the purport of the last work of the great artist who sits above and beyond it all on some Catholic Olympus eternally paring his fingernails.

# DROUGHT

*By Lorna Reynolds*

THE Spring that year was a dry sterile one : no rushing breath of warm west wind, no intoxicating sweetness came from quickening field and mountain. Morning after morning rose clear and sunny, but an austere east wind, blowing all the time, seemed to have arrested the first delicate burgeoning of the earth and frozen it into immobility. The scabious-blue sky, the lance-slim poplar trees, the frail white anemones in the groves took on the shining clarity, the magic permanency of a landscape in a painting. Miss Pilkington waited in vain for the rapture that had so often taken her in the Spring of other years. It refused to come. She felt irritable and uneasy, searching for something that couldn't be found, and yet was necessary to her well-being, like an old woman in a dark corner fumbling for her spectacles. People, though excessively kind, bored her. It was an effort to appear even decently grateful to them. She hoped they didn't sense her weariness. She wouldn't, if she could help it, hurt their feelings, or seem to accept what they did as a matter of course, but she was bored and tired ; it was useless to be hypocritical with herself. She remembered with wonder, that lying ill in bed, experiencing all those strange floating sensations, soaring to the ceiling, in terror that she would bump against it ; plunging down fathomless depths of black earth, choked and smothering ; pulsing in and out, in and out with the rose-pink silk shade of the electric light which throbbed as if it had taken a human heart ; imagining she lay in the Gulf-stream, rippling like sea-weed, very light and tenuous, distended, upborne, rippling ; in the Gulf-stream, and yet rippling to the window and out through it, like sea-weed in the sea, forever tossed to and fro with the tides, forever to and fro ; and in the mornings early, when the traffic began to hum and rattle past, the feeling that she herself had become a thoroughfare pounded and passed over, trodden and worn by many feet, many hooves, many wheels, by the clip-clop, the rattle and flurry, the buzz and whirr, the stamp and patter, the clank and honk of horns ; lying a prey to such sensations she had thought with longing of the country, of cool green fields shadowed slantingly, darkly, by the morning trees ; of the deep quiet of evening split into runnels by the curling song

of a blackbird ; lonely and still, she had thought, lonely and still, not cluttered up with fussy human beings. And now she was here, and there was no loneliness, no stillness ; here, too, people who pursued one with kind fatiguing attentions ; nothing soothing, regenerating, comforting in the season or the place.

And Miss Pilkington, as she got up in the mornings, found herself wondering what it would be like to be a hermit ; to be miles away from everyone, in the middle of a wide plain, when the evenings grew cold and a single bird from a hawthorn tree trilled through the silence and the space. She would only be seized, she supposed, with a desire for roaring fires and witty conversation ; and tugged viciously as her comb caught in a tangle of her hair. For it was true that solitude was not good for human beings, however romantic it seemed at a distance, and friends were the only thing that made life worth living. Oh, yes, she knew all that, but at the moment it bored her. She didn't care if all her friends were lost in the Sahara ; and conversation, infused with no matter what degree of wit, fatigued her unbearably ; as for reading she would as soon contemplate the ascent of Everest as the reading of a book. "The wise man and the fool have the same end." Oh, yes, an obvious remark, but it wasn't the end that was the trouble, it was the enduring to the end. "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity." And Miss Pilkington paused with her comb in her hand and thought how often she had heard preachers, fine, plumped-out, well-set-up young men, take that as their test, and elaborate it unctuously ; and how, if they only knew, it was a most ungodly, soul-destroying thing. Really to feel that way, not merely to reach it as an intellectual conclusion, was to peer into the bottomless pit. It was to see no aim, no end, no purpose, no meaning in anything ; it was a living death. It was to long for the peace of nothingness, of dissolution, of annihilation.

And Miss Pilkington knew that she was ill, but that doctors could give her no help. This was a spiritual ailment, the mediæval accidia, and the cure not yet discovered. But it was true that she was ill. For the most fundamental thing in life must be the feeling that life is good, an animal instinct about it. Else why all the millions of men who crawled over the earth ? Why the survival through so many thousands of years and in the face of so many obstacles ? Miss Pilkington stooped to put on her shoes

and thought of the jostling crowd of ancestors that preceded her; she saw them as a winding crocodile stretching from the faintest margins of history and beyond, and all leading up to her, a human speck. A moment of shame shook her, that what should be so wonderful merely bored and tired her. For she wouldn't care if they had never reached her. In fact she would be glad. And she snapped to the case of her watch, and pulled back the clothes from her bed.

At the window she paused, and looking at the cold glittering sunshine on the sparsely-leaved apple tree, she remembered her youth; how she had wandered around Dublin at all hours, a little light-headed with the beauty of sky and earth: the river running like a silver vein through the middle of it, at evening snaring in its net the golden, the red, the green glimmering lights, broken at the bridge by the wash of the tide into wriggling fiery worms, lengthened westwards towards Kingsbridge station by the curve of the water into long slender tubes, massed together like organ pipes, slender long and golden; or in a grey-green twilight motionless like tapers round the bier of a queen who had died young and fair: the trams moving dreamily through the oily blackness of the water on a still night, like crystal cars, all their lights splayed like blown roses: the faint green, terra-cotta, white-blue of the houses on either side reflected flawlessly in its paleness on a dimmed September morning: the mists of October sunsets, trailing across the massed wharves and buildings, petunia and carnelian and sepia-brown: the metal-bridge slung cobweb-fine with tiny figures crossing and recrossing its humped back, as if they stepped from a willow-pattern plate: the sky deepening into cornflower-blue as the dusk stole out, that dusk which threw up the pointing and ornamentation of the roof-tops, which stacked the chimneys like minarets, and made the statues look as if they were hitching their cloaks about their shoulders before stepping down from their plinths and pedestals.

And no less beautiful than the river, the moons of these years: the splinter-thin metallic crescents of frosty nights; the racing globe of stormy weather with the pack of following clouds, and the wind, making a noise of flapping sheets, hunting among them; the great low-slung orange oval of July, before it slipped into a hollow in the hills, such a splendid precious pearl as Solomon might have sent to the Queen of Sheba; the pale flower-like

moons of April and May ; and loveliest of all, peerless, aloft, torturing in its beauty, the Harvest moon. She thought of beeches fluttering their tender butterfly leaves, of the thick candlesticks of the chestnuts before they had turned into umbrellas, of Winter trees with branches sooty-black and fine as eyebrows against the milky-grey luminous clouds, of March blue and Autumn's copper gold. She remembered the crowding restlessness, the urgency of these beauty-laden days, when it seemed as if she must find words for everything or choke. Miss Pilkington lifted the tassel of the blind and swung it. She shrugged her shoulders very lightly. She had never found words for anything and she had not choked. And the beauty and the words faded far away, became like the memory of a story read from a dusty book in an attic.

Ah, but she was weary, she thought, and turned to go down stairs. At the door she felt, if one could be safely dead, and stared along the corridor, remembering how she used to be terrified of death and how they had told her at school that God would ask her what she had done for Him on earth, and she would have nothing to reply. Then she had thought that she would find the courage to say that she had loved the world He made and thought it a beautiful place. There was in it pain and suffering, the untold misery of human millions, but it was beautiful to look at. That much was undeniable, it was a beautiful world and had satisfied her as a child, but when she grew up she hadn't understood it. Then staring down the corridor she saw passing a vision of tortured humanity, as a frieze of mad contorted figures against a delicate background ; imbeciles, lunatics, criminals, unhappy lovers, unwanted children, discarded women, all those multitudes crushed by poverty, by diseases of the body, by indignities and humiliations of the spirit : like a foul mephitic vapour there steamed up before her the anguish of grief, the hell of remorse, the burden of shame and guilt which oppressed the whole human race, even to the smallest children. She shrank back appalled, her hand at her mouth.

Suddenly her mood swung like a pendulum, and she had a moment's enthusiasm for man. What a wonderful creature he was ! All these confused passions and miseries buzzing inside him like a hive of bees, and he conducts his life to order and pattern. The judge solemnly enters the court, grave in his wig,

and records his judgment in calm words : " I find the prisoner guilty of murder. I find the prisoner guilty of murder. And condemn him to be hanged by the neck until he is dead. And condemn him to be hanged by the neck until he is dead." The shopkeeper opens his shop, sets out his wares, rubs his hands and says : " Good morning, Madam. Good morning, Madam ; bad weather we are having. Will that be all now? Thank you, much obliged. Good morning, Madam, Good morning, Madam." The tram man collects his pennies, punches his tickets, walks backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards : " Fare, please, thank you. Fare, please, thank you." Children sit with their legs dangling, grub in their satchels, learn their lessons : " Who made the world ? God. Who made the world ? God." " What is the longest river in Ireland ? The Shannon. What is the longest river in Ireland ? The Shannon." The maid leaves her bed, lights the fire, pulls up the blinds, dusts the drawing room, knocks on doors : " It's eight o'clock, Miss. It's eight o'clock, Miss. Time to get up. Time to get up." Bells ring in schools, sirens shrill in factories, doors open and shut, crowds stream out, crowds stream in, trains run to Blackrock baths and come back again, to and fro, to and fro ; order, repetition, punctuality, punctuality, repetition, order. Wonderful, thought Miss Pilkington, wonderful. Hospitals for the sick, asylums for the mad, prisons for criminals, penitentiary establishments for the fallen, slums for the poor, schools for children. Wonderful, and perfectly futile. Behind all activities and institutions, the passion, the suffering, the misery, always, irremediable, unfathomable. And for background the pale, delicate, lovely world, the hollow, mocking, but beautiful world. At least she had once considered it beautiful ; for now, she thought, trailing her hand along the banisters, she felt nothing even of its beauty. She was tired, that was all that mattered now.

When she reached the breakfast room she had to listen to her cousin, who was a man of restless intellect, discussing the migration of birds. He was full of theories about it. He was always full of theories about something. He had a most engaging readiness to accept new ideas, a flexibility that kept him ever on the alert for fresh quarry for his mind. But he never succeeded in co-ordinating his views, but flopped about like a jelly-fish at the edge of the sea. He had a place of business to attend, but

like most Irishmen he did not believe in scamping pleasure for business. It was now his pleasure to discuss the migration of birds. Miss Pilkington listened with just enough intelligence to interject an occasional "really," "how interesting," "very strange," but in such flat tones that he stared surprised, and she blushed, very faintly, with annoyance. Her thoughts were speeding after sea-gulls, which don't migrate, or do they? She was trying to recapture the feeling she had experienced as she lay flat on her back, staring at a sea-gull aspread in the sky, floating as if held by a plummet line, wheeling steadily on slow wings, sailing smoothly across and then flapping away into the horizon, on slow wings, strong, steady, curved like a hip. How had she felt? As if she too were floating, wheeling, sailing away, liberated from the gross body, so full of neuralgias, rheumatics, inertias and petty aches of all kinds, the heavy body dragged relentlessly downwards by the force of gravity—which made it impossible to swim, because, having been released for a time, one was all the more conscious afterwards of the leaden weight weighing one to earth. One could escape by lying flat on one's back, very still, watching a great bird defy gravity, and feeling somehow drawn up into the bird, sharing its buoyant sport in the air. To follow the piling clouds as they mounted up the sky on the west wind was another escape, or to climb a tree and sway with the creaking branches. But that was more conspicuous than lying flat on one's back. One was not always free to climb trees.

"Yes," she nodded to her cousin, "it's extraordinary" and felt to herself: this is really not doing me any good. I can't support all these mental gymnastics. Last night it was the ballet, the night before housing conditions, today it is the migration of birds, this evening it will be Marshal Badoglio in Abyssinia, tomorrow the treatment of mental defectives. I must go away. There had been a time when I would have delighted in that sort of thing, but not now.

"Gertrude," she said to her cousin's wife later, "you have been very kind to me, but I don't think the air here is doing me any good."

"Oh, Angela! don't you feel anything better?"

"Well, not very much" and she wrinkled her nose deprecatingly.

"I am not sleeping very well and I am tired all the time."

"I am sorry," said Gertrude. "Would you like to change into another room, or have more blankets, or another hot water bottle, or drink hot milk before you go to bed?"

"Oh, thank you, thank you. You are so kind. But I don't think any of these things would be any use. I think it must be the air. I think, perhaps, if I went further south . . . ? What do you think?"

And Gertrude, though she was hurt that her comforting and nursing were of no avail, agreed that if she felt that way she had better go further south. And it wasn't as if she were telling a lie, thought Miss Pilkington. She couldn't exactly say that she was restless and uneasy, that the spring hadn't comforted her, and that Charlie was too active mentally for her; and it might very well be the air that was responsible for all these things.

So Miss Pilkington went further south. But she felt no better. Over all the land that spring the austere east wind blew, bringing an illusion of summer because the sky was cloudless and the sun shone, but really retarding the growth of everything and stemming at its source the rush and tumult of sounds and smells that by now should have been nuzzling and snuffling abroad. The few weakling violets that did come forth were scentless; the daffodils were nipped with brown at the edges; the leaves remained in tight little buds on the trees; the ground was cracked and hard. Miss Pilkington slept more badly than ever; she couldn't read; the letters danced meaninglessly before her eyes. She felt like Job, smitten with a mysterious illness, a torment and a burden to herself. It was useless staying there any longer. Neither the country air nor the Spring was doing her any good. She would go home.

A day or two later she packed up and went home. As she came into the dusty station and drove through the dusty grey streets the nauseating weariness swept over her again. She was there; now she was here. What did it all mean? She was there; now she was here, and that included the mysteries of time and space: it meant hours of time and miles of space: it meant flying through the countryside in a train, a snorting puffing

monster that promised one so much in its exciting rhythm and led one to this : she was there ; now she was here, grey streets, dusty houses. Why did people fuss so about the continuance of the human race ? For the simplest way out of everyone's difficulties would be just simply to decide that it must stop. If she were a dictator, thought Miss Pilkington, as her taxi swung around a corner, she would have no marrying or giving in marriage in her domains : and soon there would be no problems to trouble anyone ; nor anyone to create problems. The grass would soon grow in the streets ; the wallflower would soon spring from crumbled mortar : the west wind would blow softly over it all. And this love that they talked about, one could overcome that too, one could subdue that too, as so many already had done. Born to die, born to die, even in the greenest, lushest night of May came the thought, born to die. Why be born ? Why cause others to be born ? She was there ; now she was here ; that's what everything came to in the end. And Miss Pilkington remembered faintly how she had once felt what it would be like to be dead. From a mixture of astronomy and Shakespeare had come a vision of herself blown about the winds among the swinging planets and the shining stars, forever flitting through interstellar distances, flaming stilly with silver starlight, wondrously exhilarated. How absurd, she thought now, smiling wryly. What was to die but to die, and what did it matter anyway ? She was tired, unendurably tired.

But Helen was so pleased to see her that she had to say that she felt better. It was true that she looked less strained and weary than before she went away ; and, she thought, in all circumstances a gentleman consumes his own smoke. One couldn't moon about continually saying that one felt tired.

" Yes, very much better, thank you. No, don't worry, leave it there. Yes, I'll sit in the garden after lunch. Wrapped up, one doesn't mind the cold too much. Oh, very much better," she insisted.

Miss Pilkington went out to her garden after lunch, and sat under the solitary pear tree with the ringed seat about it. The tree was a very old one, perhaps a little rotten inside, and it swayed easily and tenderly to the wind. Miss Pilkington leaned against the trunk, her head tilted back, and gazed up at the cloud

of white blossom, soft against the smudgy black bark ; and as she gazed the miracle happened, the experience that she had sought abroad since her illness. She lost consciousness of her body ; the force of gravity no longer held power over her ; the uneasy questing mood dropped off like a cloak. Up into the black bark and the cloudy white blossoms her spirit flowed. Softly she felt the wind stir the tree to its centre, and she too felt stirred and softly moved to her centre. The pale scabious-blue sky had flowed down between the branches and become part of the tree, thick blue stuff on which the black bark and the cloudy blossoms were drawn like veins ; Miss Pilkington was sucked up into them. She and the tree were one. She was putting forth a coronal of blossoms, burgeoning and waving her branches in the air, all the interstices filled with blue sky. Miss Pilkington as a personality, a separate individual ceased to exist : she was poured abroad into the wind and tree and the pale blue sky. For hours she sat almost unconscious, motionless, except when she swayed to the tree's movement, while furtive little noises came from the countless creatures of the grass and the earth, and the shadow of the wall grew long and stretched to her feet.

The east wind ceased to blow. The air became soft and humid ; it stirred the cloudy blossoms and slid down the trunk to pass along Miss Pilkington's spine. She shivered, but still her spirit hovered, free, unembarrassed, disembodied, among the dark branches and the white flowers.

The wind veered around to the west. The clouds piled up in the sky ; loose luminous-edged dandelion puffs at first, then dense grey-black blankets tight packed. Helen came and looked out at her from a window, and went away ; came back, looked again, and went away again. Suddenly the rain began to fall in splashes big as pennies. They fell on Miss Pilkington's up-turned face. She was roused out of her tranced immobility. The magic had flown ; no longer was she dissolved into a tree. Helen with shouts and warnings and a large umbrella came rushing out to fetch her in. With a great flurry and fuss she was hurried through the now pouring rain.

But Miss Pilkington was content : she had come alive again : the drought of her spirit was broken.

# THE SECOND GLASS

*By R. N. Currey*

**T**O a young man Bath is depressing. Wide thoroughfares and even porticos suggest the ordered regularity of middle age. The crescents are symbolical of rounded bellies admitting addiction to the waters. There is, in fact, something morbid in an organised spectacle of subservience to natural functions; this is a mountain that should come to Mahomet, if necessary in ninepenny cartons. Even the dignity of the façades is sometimes marred by the hideous external bathrooms.

I have always felt this when visiting Bath, yet at the Crale Hotel this autumn I was able for once to fit the bathing, gaming, duelling generations, the Sheridans and the Beau Nashes, into the picture.

In spite of slumps in investments the place was full of middle-aged and elderly people. The youngest appeared to have lived there for a decade, and the oldest, it hardly seems exaggerating to say, since the eighteenth century. There is no doubt that the eighteenth century lingered on into the last quarter of the nineteenth in some places, that there were people who even when the Diamond Jubilee announced the victory of the sombre, heavily-built little widow, prided themselves on the airs, flounces and coarse wit of the Regency. In this quiet backwater the influence, if not the individuals, seemed to have remained.

The ancient lady at the corner table next to mine—I refuse to believe that she was under ninety—took snuff, made up the cheeks of her parchment-coloured countenance, and told the manageress with an oath that sounded very like a reference to God's vicariously crucified body that she would be 'oblegged' if the waitress would remember her preference for Cayenne; while on the far side of the room, with a bottle of port by his plate, sat a parson who wore a stock like John Wesley's.

The remainder of the guests were the more usual black-clad old ladies (spinsters, widows, wives, it's hard to tell the difference) with a sprinkling of elderly gentlemen who ate their dietetic-looking dishes ravenously and shouted commonplaces at deaf partners. Most of them seemed glad to adjourn into the next room to knit, gossip and play whist or the more confusing bridge. "So refined," I heard one of them saying as I went through,

"giving right over the sea-front, and everybody there quite *elderly*! There was a wonderful old gentleman of ninety-one, my dear!"

Self-conscious Victorian old age was evidently in the majority; but the violent-tongued old lady and the ancient parson seemed to belong to something much older, and there might be others like them, either in the corner I could not see very well from where I sat, or who did not always feel up to dining downstairs. Hotels like this must house many quaint survivals whose harmlessness alone saves them from more formal incarceration.

I shuddered as I went upstairs. I suppose I am not entirely free of the primitive idea of possession, as I always feel with old and slightly-mad people that I am with ghosts. I looked forward to the cheerful warmth and seclusion of my room, by a fire that I had ordered to be lit when I went downstairs.

So I was disconcerted, as well as surprised, on opening the door into the firelit room, to find an old gentleman drawn up in a wheeled chair on the other side of the hearth. I was fumbling with an awkwardly-placed switch when he spoke.

"No more light, please. I am enjoying this firelight."

"I'm sorry," I said, "I've made a mistake. I thought this was my own room."

I was beginning to withdraw, when he recalled me.

"No, sir, the mistake is mine. My memory momentarily (the accent was on the second syllable) failed me. I intended to ask your permission."

His voice trailed off weakly. I closed the door and stepped nearer to him. The firelight gleamed on a dingy red rug wrapped tightly round thin legs. The upper part of the face, which was in shadow, seemed cadaverous, and a pair of thin, heavily-ringed hands clasped the gold knob of a cane that was thrust under his left arm. More definitely than the old lady in the dining-room he seemed a relic of a pre-Victorian past. The chair was thick and heavy, with carving on the arms, a museum piece. I wondered who could have wheeled him in.

"It is, without doubt, your room, sir. My claim to it no longer exists. But I have a strong sentimental interest in it, and hope you will not grudge me its hospitality for a while!"

"I am only too delighted," I told him. "Is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

My first desire was to get away. I did not want to make a fuss—my visitor could hardly have been more politely-spoken—but I was curious, too, to know who the queer old fellow was. Surely even an hotel of this sort wasn't used to its guests invading each others' rooms.

"Perhaps you would not care, sir," he said, "to favour me with your company for a while?"

He lifted one of the heavily-ringed hands from the knob of his cane, and indicated the chair at the other side of the hearth, leaning forward slightly as he spoke. The firelight shone for an instant on his face, and I could see that it was pock-marked, with deep-set rather dull eyes sufficiently wide apart. An ugly though not an unlikeable face. But it did not occur to me to do anything other than sit down.

"Miss Clarissa Mayhew, on whom my affections were set, died here," he told me, with quaint formality that contrived nevertheless to be cordial, "but it is not everyone who makes me welcome."

Rather uneasily I began to assure him that he must not think that of me, but he seemed to take it for granted, as he cut me short.

"She never forgave me for killing her affianced husband, Mr. Porteous. Yet I would have done almost anything to avoid that calamity, and indeed only shot him in self-defence. I had no taste for the duel, sir, no taste at all——"

"Duel, in your lifetime?" I broke in, then realised that if I had had more experience of the feeble-minded I should have kept my objection to myself. His hands closed tightly on the head of his cane.

"You must believe me, sir," he said, sharply. "This . . . this tragedy occurred because Mr. Porteous refused to accept my word!"

The slight burst of anger had apparently exhausted him, for he stopped speaking and began to cough. Feeling guilty for contradicting him, I pulled at the old-fashioned bell at the side of the hearth.

"Let me send for a drink, sir. What will you have? Something hot? Whiskey? Punch?" I stopped on the point of adding "hot milk"!

He did not answer, but went on coughing ; then said with some difficulty when the waiter knocked.

"Instruct your man . . . no candles . . . I take pleasure in . . . firelight."

"Two hot punches, as quickly as possible," I ordered, as the man entered.

"Two hot punches, sir ? Very good, sir. Shall I turn on the lights ?"

"No thank you."

The door closed behind him. My visitor coughed a little longer, then went on.

"Mr. Porteous stopped me on my way out of the theatre—and informed me that he desired satisfaction from me for having calumniated him. I assured him on my honour as an officer and a gentleman that I had said nothing whatsoever to warrant his charge. He proceeded to call me a liar and a scoundrel, adding that I had blackened his character with the express intention of supplanting him in Miss Clarissa's regards."

He spoke excitedly, clapping and unclapping his hands.

"There was no alternative but to choose seconds and fix a suitable meeting-place for the following morning. As we received our weapons I assured him that while I cherished a sincere affection for Miss Clarissa, I had neither done nor contemplated doing anything calculated to injure his reputation in her eyes. But he turned away and wished to know of his seconds if all was ready. His shot singed my hair, but mine struck him in the throat ; and ever since that moment, sir, I have wished it had been the other way about. Clarissa was so much affected that she fell into a decline. I wrote expressing my undying regrets, and even outraged proprieties to the point of forcing an admittance to her bedside, but she could not find it in her heart to forgive me."

He coughed again, so violently that I suggested he should wait until the drinks arrived, but he was too absorbed in what he had to say.

"She died in this bed-chamber, sir, in a bed that occupied the same position as this present one. When the family returned to London, and this house was purchased by Mr. Crale for an hotel, I engaged this suite and occupied this room for some years, but," he shrugged lightly, "circumstances change. It is not always possible to keep even the things one cherishes most."

He stopped speaking as the waiter's foot was heard in the passage outside. When he began I had been vaguely conscious, through the tall window behind him, of chestnut leaves drifting down on to the sidewalk of the steeply-climbing street—those high, railed sidewalks that are Bath's one attempt to add a crazy touch to the predominant eighteenth century order. Now suddenly I realised that it was dark, with only the dim gleam of an unseen lamp on the spreading leaves.

The waiter hesitated in the doorway.

"You did say *two* glasses, sir?"

"Of course, yes."

Carrying the tray carefully, he put one glass on the table beside me and took the other round to the fire.

"I'll put the second glass here to keep hot, sir."

He stepped right in front of the old man as he sat, moving his hands over the knob of his cane in the bright firelight.

"But my guest?" I expostulated. "You haven't served him—"

The waiter looked at me tolerantly, with the air of one who was used to eccentricities.

"All right, sir," he said soothingly; "it'll keep hot there until he arrives!"

## THE HEAVENLY DANCING FLOOR

*By Frederick Carter*

THERE is drama in the heavens—and war—an everlasting strife in the skies; an age-long battle is pictured there, stars against stars, constellation attacks constellation. They stand in conflict each to each. Those primæval images among the stars stand at odds, and strange is the purport of their strife. That is so far as we, in our lights can see it. For the stars, perhaps, don't mean quite the same, or nearly so much, to us as they did to the peoples who gave the constellations the

names of mighty mythological heroes and monsters and posed them in hieratic attitudes to fight for ever.

High in the middle of the skies is set huge Hercules, heels over head, battering the Dragon. And just beneath him stands Æsculapius, called Ophiuchus, who holds the Serpent in his hands. Beneath his feet the man-horse, Sagittarius, with bent bow, launches his arrow against the Scorpion. Yet further south, below the Scorpion, another Centaur drives a javelin through Lupus, the wild beast. Round to the north of Centaur again, in the Zodiac, the Lion ramps with forepaws sharp set in the head of the Hydra: whilst, over beyond these two, further along the equator, Orion with lifted club and left arm extended in the traditional pose, awaits the onset of the monstrous seabeast Cetus and the horned Bull over it which seems, indeed, to be the second of its heads.

Here is a broad picture of men striving with grim and great monsters and the lion and horse, it appears, seconding the men. Moreover, on examination and comparison, it shows plain that all the dread draconian creatures seek to attain the Galaxy, which all the humans and their helpers seek to defend; and Perseus, too, holds away the head of Medusa towards Cetus whom, in the myth, it turned to stone. So we live our little lives within this vast sphere of combat, wholly environed by an age-old struggle of man against monster. But we may well wonder how, and why, such dread symbols came to be inscribed in eternal hieroglyphs of bright gold upon the breadth of the dark night sky?

Some of the traditional tales about them we do know. The one about Perseus is familiar enough. It is characteristic and is, furthermore, one of the great stories of the world told, too, about St. George: the history of Hero, fair Lady and foul Dragon. The figures in that myth are set all about the sky over the signs of Spring, Aries and Taurus, while Orion, nearby, is just south of the Ecliptic.

Away in the opposite heaven, over the Zodiacal signs of Autumn, stand Ophiuchus and Bootes, with Hercules above them. Two of these represent, we know from the myths and tradition, men become gods—holy, divine, superhuman figures. Hercules with the Lion's mane and maw as headdress, its claws knotted beneath his chin, with the deadly club, torn from the tree and most primitive of weapons, in his fist, strikes at the

Dragon, and girt beside him is his bow to launch the whistling arrow. Those are his characteristic weapons in both picture and story. Ophiuchus the healer, snake master, knower of dark secrets, lord of the gate of death and life, renewer of health, god of dreams, is the primaeval medicine man exalted to heaven, and carrying the writhing snake of knowledge in his hands.

As third, beside these, stands Bootes, called also Icarios the vintager, who bears the great star Arcturus on his thigh. He is the Ploughman also, with his staff or goad in his hand : the goad which urges the plough oxen. The stars of the Plough stand just beside him. And his ox-goad in vintage-time when wreathed with ivy, tipped with a pine cone became the Bacchic thyrsus. In war it transformed itself into a spear, the weapon of defence. Bootes was, too, the Herald, the voice calling for parley, which had grown loud in urging the labours of the field.

Those three make a strange group among the stars. All their heads come together close beside the Crown, Corona ; Hercules upside down above Ophiuchus, and Bootes beside turning inwards towards them. And they make a curiously significant triad of the great types of human kind : Warrior, Doctor and Farmer. The Crown hints something of royal dignity attaching to their group, which is emphasized by their situation as the stars which precede, in the eastern skies, the sun's dawning at the season of Epiphany, the festival of the renewal of light, called also the Feast of the Three Kings. They were named too the Magi, star-seekers. Even now we see their stars in the east amid the rays of the new-rising winter's sun.

Significant among the constellations they make the grand trinity of starry lords of man's state and way of life : Death-dealer, Food-grower, Master of medicine and magic. In addition, away on the farthest horizon of the opposite heaven, is Orion, in a pose the very double of Hercules'. He sinks as the triad rise, and Orion is the Hunter, the primitive Bull-slayer who was named, too, the Fool. Perhaps he makes the fourth type of man. And he, who declines as they ascend, is the earlier and most primitive, whose ways went solitary, the aboriginal who was before farmer, or warrior or magician, in himself all three. He announces the coming of the solstice of short nights in summer.

The three with the Crown mark the season of long nights and the decline of the sun towards the winter solstice. Tre-

mendous in the later part of the night, they loom from horizon to midheaven above the coming dawn. And then as one envisages them at that season in the mind's eye come, small, far and tiny, the Maskers, the little human mummers of the Christmas and New Year's folk play. Most characteristic and complete is its expression in the Ploughboys' Mumming for Plough Monday—which is the first Monday after Epiphany. Its chief figures are the two fighters, one black and one white, sons of kings, one of whom is slain and thereupon restored to life by the other principal mummer, the Doctor.

Of course, about the mummers' play there is little of real history recorded. Merely casual mention by occasional writers for the two or three centuries just past. But it has been found to survive even to-day among the illiterate peasants—existent everywhere, though generally so distorted as to be hard to recognize—all through Europe from Greece to Britain. In those two lands, curiously, it appears to conform most closely with the original form of the primitive drama. To all seeming it is the play of the Plough and the battling Heroes and the magic-making Medicine Man. Indubitably the maskers' performance has general affinities in its symbols with the ritual dances of the primitive peoples.

Whence and from how far away across the years comes this simple significant story for the naive hobbledehoy to play at the seasonal celebration for the Festival of the Three Kings is vain to speculate. But it tells a world-old tale of conquering Warrior, triumphant Healer and jolly Farmer. And then again, who was that other, the slain Fighting Man, the Black Prince?—or was he the slayer? the mummers often differ. Was he the Hunter? for one of the figures is frequently dressed in skins, a hairy fellow like Esau.

The triad of types has been more familiarly known, perhaps, as Soldier, Parson and Peasant, the Three Estates; and in Linde, say's 16th century satire of that name, referred to by Shakespeare, it was the Fool the Lady loved, though courted by the other trio. However, behind and beyond these tentative indications there looms something of the universality of a primary symbol, a plain hint of the shape of things in the mind of earlier days that have kept roots even to our own times.

And that is not by any means the sole strange and mysterious tale that contemplation of the figures in the stars suggests. What, for instance, is the significance of the terrible sacrifice of the howling Wolf, transfixed by the spear beside the Altar, there overturned between the hooves of the two huge Centaurs of the stars. This, moreover, south of and beneath the triad of crowned ones. Evermore, in their season, that weird event is celebrated in the underworld beneath the horizon.

Inevitably, behind all these symbols is the one sure and certain point of fact, that the starry sky makes the drama of the year. And to the earlier peoples of the world that drama was more intimately bound in the days of living and more intricate than we easily conceive, for our day has delivered its powers of time-recording and seasonal observation to the mechanical monster which it worships. We have absolved ourselves of any close knowledge of the whole and overwhelmingly obvious simplicity of the wide world around about. All of us are set to peeping and peering and poking in our own appointed corner of the man-mastering machine and it has made us myopic.

To those past peoples, more naive and more wise than we, life's grand delight and, probably, chief means of self expression was the dance. For them it had a ritual magical histrionic force, bringing communion with the divine powers. And, with the time of the year so their formal festivals varied. Purport and significance belonged to the season. So maybe, the stars which marked the season came to be named and shaped according to the chief of the ritual figures, for, indeed, just as the rite comes into being before the myth which is told to illustrate it, so, again, would it be with the characteristic figures setting forth across the heavens the type and shape and the gesture of the masker beneath—the performer who was probably the hierophant.

Thus we can watch Orion in the spring of the ancient world, in the days called those of Creation, 4004 years ago according to Archbishop Ussher and the Bible. Then, rejoicing in a fullness of power, the renewed sun of spring—the dancing sun of Easter—rose in his image, and there he is, the year-hero, battling back the cold, watery monster of the winter, Cetus. And across the sky, in high midheaven, Hercules reduplicates the mine. All the chief figure who mark the primitive star groups are religious maskers, figures in the high drama of life universal. So

he who wrestles to gain or hold, the mastery of the snake, is the divinised winner of the secret of the serpent who can cast his skin and be borne anew. At that season the sun falls into decline, just before the coming of new year. Ophiuchus is the star mime of Aesculapius, striving to conquer the hidden knowledge of the underworld.

Notably, this struggle, like all the rest of the fights in the heavens, takes place beside the Galaxy. Now the Galaxy is the greatest constellation of them all, the ring of endless light, which Henry Vaughan saw as the mighty image of eternity. By almost universal tradition it is held to be the sacred way, and the path of souls passing from this world to the next. The Middle Ages called it the Pilgrims Way, or the Road of St. James, named after the grand trail crossing Europe to Compostela in Spain. There among the stars flowed the golden waters of life, the fiery stream from beneath the throne on high. There, above in the zenith is the throne also, in the sides of the north; and the old King sits there, arms raised in blessing (or, maybe, to throw the thunders) with the seven stars burning at the pole before his feet. He is named Kepheus.

Southward, and associated with him in the myth that is told by the Greeks, are Cassiopeia, Perseus and Andromeda. But these are smaller in size and less-significantly placed than the great images associated with the four quarters and their Royal Stars. For, of these greater figures, there seems little reason to doubt that they represent the first established Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter points. Orion fights the Bullhead and the monster Cetus, there where, four millenia or so before our era, the sun of spring rose beneath the golden smoke of the Galaxy. The Lion then symbolised the sun's fiercest heat at midsummer; the Scorpion the cold and feeble sun at its lowest decline, which faltered and paled as if smitten by the scaly creature's chilling venom: Aquarius, the Waterpouser, marked the season of wintry rain and floods. These and the rest of the twelve Zodiacal signs derive from Chaldaean originals, some unchanged, some obscurely altered, with meanings which we cannot trace.

But as the Zodiac was, simply, a designation for the path of the errant stars called planets, the stars of the constellations held priority as the true and staunch keepers of times and seasons and the calendar of rites in the round of the year. It was con-

sidered that the planets brought aberration into the balance of life, that the deflection of their path from the rest of the stars' movement was, beyond all, a moral defection, whence the significance of their use in astrological prognostic of personal affairs and chances. Related to this was, too, the fight of Hercules against the Dragon in whose twisting coils is enfolded the centre, *i.e.*, the pole, of the Ecliptic circle, which defines the path of the sun, moon and the rest of the planets. He drives Draco back towards the north pole, the centre of the whole heaven of the constellations, of the fixed, that is, the regular stars.

And amongst all the constellations the Galaxy holds prime place. This is the original circle among the stars, the all-encompassing light stream reputed to have existed before the creation of the planets. Indeed, all the universe has been said to have been moulded from its nebulous living plasm. But whatever imagined or real wonder belonged to it, for the fanciful eye it ran across the dark sky in a long shimmering stream of light, sprinkled like sand, glittering and golden, all athwart the broad sphere. To the Greeks who have recounted the names and myths of the constellations for us, that sphere might well seem to be the world's dancing floor, across which the most ancient of dramatic figures postured and mimed an everliving magic.

They saw the stars dance, performing the world-old dramatic ritual of the seasons. Perhaps the three typical *estates* of man were the heroes of the seasons. The Warrior, skin-clothed, for Winter; for Autumn the Magician and Spell-caster, one of the Magi and the doctor-cleric; for Summer stands the Farmer, with staff and reapinghook, the vintager? Beyond those is the fourth, who represents Spring, the Hunter dying in the vernal days. For Orion was called also Tammuz, he who was bewailed dying that the world might be renewed. In the skies he is shown as Bull-player, the historic performer who mimes the sacrifice. He is the despised and rejected artist, the great Fool. Beyond these figures we catch a glimpse of the myth of the choice of the soul between the acceptable condition of one of the three estates in life or that other which is of the outcast scape-goat, the creative artist who is sacrificed. Three seasons for life and one for dying to live again.

Now, more than ever before, have we desperate need to relearn the true purport of the archaic symbols, for their echos

beat on our inner ears from the dark abyss of our dreams and imaginations. Monsters still swing up across our skiey horizons in threat of ruin. And nothing is now that has not first been thought. From or through the images out of old time we can look into our own hearts, plunge our vision into the dispositions that antedate our own lives. Setting our feet firm on an older wisdom than our own day's knowledge we might promise something to the future.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF JOHN MITCHEL

*By M. J. MacManus*

### FOREWORD.

That I have attained completeness in the following Bibliography is unlikely. Many of Mitchel's writings were published in America, and some were of the fugitive character that often leads to disappearance. Of the reprints of two of his lectures in the United States I have been only able to trace one copy each, and, as Mitchel lectured frequently, there may have been other instances where the lecture was printed locally and is now preserved, if at all, in some obscure American library. My indebtedness to Mr. J. de Lacy Smyth—son of the Irish patriot whose rescue of Mitchel from Van Dieman's Land forms one of the most romantic episodes in Irish revolutionary history—for much of the information contained in this Bibliography is greater than I can adequately acknowledge.

### LIFE OF AODH O'NEILL. [1845].

THE/LIFE AND TIMES/OF/AODH O'NEILL,/PRINCE OF ULSTER;/CALLED BY THE ENGLISH,/HUGH, EARL OF TYRONE./WITH/SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS PREDECESSORS,/CON, SHANE, AND TIRLOUGH./BY JOHN MITCHEL./"Cu mam cromic do cloin Neill,"/"COME LET US MAKE A CHRONICLE FOR THE O'NEILLS."/DUBLIN:/PUBLISHED BY JAMES DUFFY,/23, ANGLESEA-STREET./1845.

*Size* : 5 $\frac{5}{8}$  in.  $\times$  3 $\frac{7}{8}$  in.

*Signatures* : [A]-X, in sixes.

*Pagination* : Page [i], title ; p. [ii], Printer's imprint only ; p. [iii], dedication "To the Memory of my dear Friend, Thomas Davis," dated "Banbridge, Sept. 22, 1845" ; p. [iv], blank ; pp. [v]-xii, Preface ; pp. [13]-252, text.

*Binding* : This book, like others in the same series (Duffy's "Library of Ireland") was issued in different bindings. I have noted the following : (1) white paper, decorated in green and gold, with the title, the series title, and the publisher's name on the front cover ; (2) green cloth, with a gilt harp

design on the front cover, and the title and publisher's name on the spine in gilt; (3) green morocco, with a gilt design on the front and back covers and the title in gilt on the spine above a panelled "shamrock" design. In this last case—clearly a publisher's "presentation" binding of the period—the edges are gilt and the size of the book is slightly smaller.

ANOTHER EDITION: *The Life and Times of Aodh O'Neill*. New York, 1868. This edition, published by Haverty, contains, in addition to the original preface, another one specially written. There is a portrait of Hugh O'Neill in colour as a frontispiece.

### IRISH POLITICAL ECONOMY. [1847].

NO. 1] PRICE 2D./THE IRISH CONFEDERATION./(*double rule*)/IRISH POLITICAL ECONOMY./BY/JONATHAN SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S/AND/GEORGE BERKELEY, BISHOP OF CLOYNE./EDITED BY/JOHN MITCHEL./DUBLIN :/PRINTED FOR THE IRISH CONFEDERATION,/BY WILLIAM HOLDEN, 10, ABBEY-STREET./1847.

The above is printed within a two-line border.

Size:  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in.  $\times$   $4\frac{1}{2}$  in.

Signatures: [A]–C, in sixes; E, 2 leaves (there is no signature D).

Pagination: P. [i], title; p. [ii], blank; pp. [iii]–vi, Preface by John Mitchel; pp. [7]–39, text; p. [40] carries printer's imprint only.

Binding: Issued unbound.

### REPORT ON THE LEVY OF RATES. [1847].

NO. 4./THE CONFEDERATION./(*double rule*)/REPORT/ON THE/LEVY OF RATES/IN IRELAND/FOR THE/REPAYMENT OF GOVERNMENT LOANS./BY JOHN MITCHEL./DUBLIN :/PRINTED FOR THE IRISH CONFEDERATION,/BY JAMES CHARLES, 61, MARY-STREET./1847.

The above is printed within a two-line border.

Size:  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in.  $\times$   $4\frac{1}{2}$  in.

Signature: [A], 6 leaves.

Pagination: P. [1], title; p. [2], blank; pp. [3]–12, text.

Binding: Issued unbound.

### LECTURES ON THE LAND TENURES OF EUROPE. [1848].

NO. 6./THE IRISH CONFEDERATION./(*double rule*)/LECTURES/ON THE/LAND TENURES OF EUROPE,/DELIVERED IN/THE "SWIFT" CONFEDERATE CLUB, DUBLIN,/ON THE 18TH AND 25TH OF OCTOBER, 1847./BY JOHN MITCHEL./DUBLIN :/PRINTED FOR THE IRISH CONFEDERATION,/BY WILLIAM HOLDEN, 10, ABBEY-STREET./1848.

The above is printed within a two-line border.

Size:  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in.  $\times$   $4\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

Signatures: [A]–C, in sixes; D, 4 leaves.

Pagination: P. (1), title, verso blank; pp. (3)–34, text; pp. (35)–41, appendix; p. (42), blank; p. (43), text of Resolution moved at a meeting of the Council of the Irish Confederation; p. (44), blank.

Binding: Issued unbound.

## TRIAL OF JOHN MITCHEL. [1848].

NO. 8 (*space*) ONE PENNY./THE IRISH CONFEDERATION./(*rule*)/TRIAL/OF/JOHN MITCHEL./WITH A CORRECT REPORT OF/THE SPEECH OF ROBERT HOLMES./DUBLIN :/PRINTED FOR THE IRISH CONFEDERATION, /BY J. F. FOWLER, 7, CROW STREET./1848.

*Size* :  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in.  $\times$   $4\frac{1}{2}$  in.

*Signatures* : A–C, in sixes.

*Pagination* : Page (I), title, verso blank ; p. (3) Preface, verso blank ; pp. [5] to 34, text ; pp. (35) and (36), blank.

*Binding* : Issued unbound.

## JAIL JOURNAL. [1854].

JAIL JOURNAL ;/OR,/FIVE YEARS IN BRITISH PRISONS./ COMMENCED ON BOARD THE SHEARWATER STEAMER, IN DUBLIN BAY, CONTINUED AT SPIKE/ISLAND—ON BOARD THE SCOURGE WAR STEAMER—ON BOARD THE "DROMEDARY"/HULK, BERMUDA—ON BOARD THE NEPTUNE CONVICT SHIP—AT PERNAMBUCO—AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE (DURING THE ANTI-CONVICT REBELLION)/—AT VAN DIEMAN'S LAND—AT SYDNEY—AT TAHITI—AT SAN/FRANCISCO—AT GREYTOWN—AND CONCLUDED AT/NO. 3 PIER, NORTH RIVER, NEW YORK./BY JOHN MITCHEL./—Οὗτ' ἐν τοῖς φθιμένοις/Οὗτ' ἐν ζῶσιν αριθμουμένους./(*rule*)/NEW YORK :/PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF THE "CITIZEN,"/NO. 3 SPRUCE STREET./(*rule*)/1854.

*Size* :  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in.  $\times$   $7\frac{3}{4}$  in.

*Signatures* : [I]–I5, in twelves, followed by a single unsigned leaf.

*Pagination* : P. [i], title ; p. [ii], Notice of Entry according to the Act of Congress in the Clerk's Office of the New York Southern District Court, followed by printer's imprint ; pp. [iii]–viii, "Contents" ; pp. [9]–24, "Introductory" ; pp. [25]–370, text.

*Binding* : Ribbed cloth of various shades (copies in red, blue, brown and drab exist), sides blocked in blind with a large ornamental centre-piece in gilt on front cover, repeated on back in blind, spine blocked in blind with JAIL/JOURNAL/(*rule*)/JOHN MITCHEL/in gilt within top panel ; all edges trimmed ; yellow end-papers ; no half-title.

## OTHER EDITIONS :—

*The Jail Journal.* Dublin, printed, by James Corrigan. 1864. Originally issued in weekly penny numbers.

*The Jail Journal.* New York, printed by P. M. Haverty, 1868, with a frontispiece portrait of the author.

*The Jail Journal.* "Author's Edition." Glasgow, Cameron and Ferguson, N.D. (date given in the Catalogue of the National Library of Ireland as 1876).

*The Jail Journal*. "Author's Edition." London, R. and T. Washbourne, N.D.

*The Jail Journal*. Translated into Irish by Eoghan O Neachtan. Dublin, M. H. Gill, 1910. 2 vols. Reprinted in 1911.

*The Jail Journal . . . with a Continuation of the Journal in New York and Paris, a Preface, Appendices and Illustrations*. Dublin, M. H. Gill, 1913. Reissued in 1918. The editor was Arthur Griffith.

*The Jail Journal . . . With an Introduction on Mitchel's Life and Literary Work, Directions on the Study of Prose Literature, and Exercises on Mitchel's Thought and Style*. Dublin, Browne and Nolan, N.D. The editor was the Rev. T. Corcoran, D.Litt.

*The Jail Journal*, Dublin, the Educational Company of Ireland, N.D.

### POEMS OF THOMAS DAVIS. [1854].

THE/POEMS/OF/THOMAS DAVIS./WITH NOTES, HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC./AND AN/INTRODUCTION,/BY JOHN MITCHEL./(*rule*)/THY STRIVING, BE IT WITH LOVING;/THY LIVING, BE IT IN DEED./GOETHE./(*rule*)/NEW YORK:/PUBLISHED BY P. M. HAVERTY,/110 FULTON STREET,/(*rule*)/1854.

*Size* : 5  $\frac{15}{16}$  in.  $\times$  3  $\frac{3}{4}$  in.

*Signatures* : 10 unsigned leaves ; 2-21, in sixes.

*Pagination* : P. [1], title, on verso quotation from Byron and printer's imprint ; pp. [3] to [5] "Contents" ; p. [6], quotation from Emerson ; pp. [i] to vii, Introduction by John Mitchel ; p. [viii], blank ; p. [ix] to xxviii, Introduction by the Editor (*i.e.*, T. Wallis, editor of the original 1846 edition) ; pp. xxix and xxx, Poem "To the Memory of Thomas Davis," by John Fisher Murray ; pp. [1] to 220, text of Davis's poems ; pp. 221 to 251, Appendix ; p. 252-54, blank.

*Binding* : Dark-green cloth, design in blind on sides, DAVIS'S/POEMS in gilt on spine.

### THE RIPENING OF THE IRISH REVOLUTION. [1856].

THE RIPENING OF THE IRISH REVOLUTION,/A LECTURE DELIVERED BY/JOHN MITCHEL,/AT NEW YORK, MARCH, 1856./

There is no formal title-page ; the heading given above appears on the top of page 1. No name of printer or publisher appears, and there are no signatures. The booklet, which measures 5  $\frac{5}{8}$  in.  $\times$  3  $\frac{9}{16}$  in., consists of 36 pages and was issued unbound. This is a very rare item, and only one copy appears to exist in Ireland. (Kevin Street Public Library, Dublin).

## MEMOIR OF THOMAS DEVIN REILLY. [1857].

MEMOIR/OF/THOMAS DEVIN REILLY :/A LECTURE DELIVERED BY/JOHN MITCHEL,  
IN THE TABERNACLE, NEW-YORK,/ON DEC. 29TH, 1856./NEW YORK :/PUBLISHED  
BY P. M. HAVERTY,/110 FULTON-STREET./(*short rule*)/1857.

Pp. 49.  $11\frac{1}{2} \times 18.3$  cm.

*Note*.—I have never seen a copy of this rare item. For the collation given here I am indebted to Mr. V. Valta Parma, Curator of the Rare Book Collection in the Library of Congress, Washington.

## POEMS BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. [1859].

POEMS/BY/JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN ;/WITH/BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION/BY/  
JOHN MITCHEL./NEW YORK :/P. M. HAVERTY, 112 FULTON-STREET./1859.

*Size* :  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in.  $\times 4\frac{3}{8}$  in.

*Signatures* : [1]–39, in sixes.

*Pagination* : P. [1], title ; p. [2], Notice of “Entry according to the Act of Congress,” etc., followed by printer’s imprint ; pp. [3]–6, “Contents” ; pp. [7]–31, Biographical Introduction by John Mitchel ; p. [32], blank ; pp. [33]–460, text of Mangan’s Poems ; pp. [461]–[464], list of publisher’s announcements ; pp. [465]–[466], blank.

*Binding* : Brown bead-grained cloth, with harp design in blind as centrepiece on front and back covers ; spine carries title/MANGAN’S/POEMS/in gilt at top and, at foot, the publisher’s name/HAVERTY/in gilt ; chocolate-coloured end-papers ; fore and lower edges trimmed ; no half-title.

Reprints appeared in 1870 and 1883.

## AN APOLOGY FOR THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND. [1860].

AN APOLOGY/FOR THE/BRITISH GOVERNMENT/IN IRELAND,/BY JOHN MITCHEL./  
(*rule*)/DUBLIN :/THE IRISH NATIONAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION/LIMITED,/163  
GREAT BRITAIN STREET./(*rule*)/1860./(*RIGHT OF TRANSLATION RESERVED*).

*Size* : 6 in.  $\times 4\frac{1}{4}$  in.

*Signatures* : None.

*Pagination* : P. [1], half-title ; p. [2], Publisher’s “Notice” ; p. [i], title ; p. [ii], blank ; pp. [iii] and [iv], “Advertisement,” dated “Paris, Jan. 10th, 1860” ; pp. [v] and [vi], “Contents” ; pp. [1]–95, text ; p. 96, blank.

*Binding* : Issued in grey-green stiff paper wrappers, with title printed on front and prospectus of Irish National Publishing Association on back.

## OTHER EDITIONS :—

*An Apology for the British Government in Ireland.* Dublin, Lator, 1882.

*An Apology for the British Government in Ireland.* O’Donoghue and M. H. Gill, 1905.

## THE LAST CONQUEST OF IRELAND (PERHAPS). [1861].

THE/LAST CONQUEST OF IRELAND,/(PERHAPS.)/BY/JOHN MITCHEL/(rule)/DUBLIN :/  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE IRISHMAN OFFICE,/33, LOWER-ABBEY STREET ;/  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS AGENTS./1861.

*Size* : 6 in.  $\times$  4 $\frac{1}{4}$  in.

*Signatures* : None.

*Pagination* : Page [i], title ; p. [ii], blank ; pp. [iii] and iv, " Preface to the Irish Edition " ; pp. [v] to xii, " Contents " ; pp. [xiii] and [xiv], " Notes " and Errata ; pp. [1] to 325, text ; p. [326], blank.

*Binding* : Stiff grey-green wrappers, with title printed on upper cover, and a list of books published at the " Irishman " Office, Dublin, on lower.

## OTHER EDITIONS :—

*The Last Conquest of Ireland (Perhaps)*. " Author's Edition." Glasgow, Cameron and Ferguson, N.D.

*The Crusade of the Period and The Last Conquest of Ireland (Perhaps)*. New York, 1873.

## HISTORY OF IRELAND. [1868].

THE/HISTORY OF IRELAND,/FROM THE/TREATY OF LIMERICK TO THE PRESENT  
TIME :/BEING/A CONTINUATION/OF THE/HISTORY OF THE ABBÉ MAC GEORGHEGAN./  
COMPILED BY/JOHN MITCHEL,/NEW YORK :/D. & J. SADLEIR & CO., 31 BARCLAY  
STREET./MONTREAL :/CORNER NOTRE-DAME AND ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STREETS./  
MRS. HICKEY, 19 HIGH STREET, BOSTON./1868.

*Size* : 10 $\frac{1}{4}$  in.  $\times$  6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.

*Signatures* : In eights, but most of the signatures are omitted. Those given are 4 to 6, and 8 to 15.

*Pagination* : P. [i], title ; p. [ii], notice of entry according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. & J. Sadleir & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York (" stereotyped by Vincent Dill, 25 & 27, New Chambers St. N.Y." in lower left-hand corner) ; pp. [iii]—v, Introduction, signed " J. M." ; p. [vi], blank ; pp. [vii]—xvi, " Contents " ; pp. [1]—609, text ; p. 610, Account of Income and Expenditure of Ireland ; pp. [611]—624, Appendices ; p. [625], blank ; pp. [626]—636, Index. There is a portrait of Daniel O'Connell as frontispiece.

*Binding* : Of two copies seen, one was in green cloth and one in brown. The spine is lettered in gilt at top HISTORY/OF/IRELAND/(rule)/MITCHEL/between gilt ornaments ; and at foot, within a gilt frame, /D. & J. SADLIER & CO./ . Fore and lower edges trimmed.

*Note*.—The following notice appeared in Mitchel's paper, the *Irish Citizen*, under date July 4, 1868 : " It does not belong to the *Irish Citizen* to review this book : only to announce its appearance and describe what it purports to be and contain. It is, then, a large and handsome octavo, printed in double columns,

and extended to 632 pages, and takes up the history precisely where the learned Abbé Mac Geoghegan laid it down, at the moment of the capitulation of Limerick and the migration of the Irish soldiery to France. The present book, being printed in the same form and style with the work of the Abbé, forms thus a second volume and suitable companion to that well-known and much-valued History."

#### OTHER EDITIONS :—

*The History of Ireland, Ancient and Modern, taken from the most Authentic Records, and dedicated to the Irish Brigade, by the Abbé Mac Geoghegan, with a Continuation from the Treaty of Limerick to the Present Time*, by John Mitchel. New York, Sadleir & Co. N.D. (1869 ?). This is an enormous thick quarto volume, weighing three-quarters of a stone, and issued in a "presentation" binding of dark-green leather, with elaborate gilt design on the cover and gilt edges. There are engraved as well as printed titles to each part (the first one in colour) and numerous engravings. A curious point about this edition, which I am unable to explain, is that whereas the notice on the verso of the title of the first (1868) edition reads: "Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. & J. Sadleir & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York," the notice in this edition—on the verso of the title of Mitchel's "Continuation"—reads: "Entered according to Act of the Provincial Legislature, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, by D. and J. Sadleir & Co., in the Office of the Registrar of the Province of Canada." This would suggest that the book may have been issued from Sadleir's branch house in Montreal, but the entry date—three years earlier than that of the first edition—remains a puzzle. According to Dillon, Mitchel's biographer, Mitchel did not enter into an arrangement with Sadleir to write his Continuation of Mac Geoghegan's "History" until the late autumn of 1866, the year after the book is stated to have been entered in the Office of the Registrar of the Province of Canada.

*The History of Ireland*. Cameron & Ferguson, Glasgow and London, 1869. Issued in three formats: (1) two volumes, green cloth; (2) two volumes, pictorial boards; (3) two volumes in one, green cloth. On the recto of the leaf before the title appears the following notice: "Mr. Mitchel's Preface not yet having arrived from America, we shall be obliged to issue it with Vol. 2, or supply it by itself, as we may consider best. We have left out, at Mr. Mitchel's request, an incorrect Index, which is published in other Editions. Mr. Mitchel says in his letter to us: 'I beg you to omit the Index at the end, which was prepared by some printer, and is a blemish to the book.'" As the book contains an Introduction by Mitchel it is not clear what is meant by the "Preface" which apparently the publishers were expecting. It did not appear in the second volume, nor in any later edition, nor does it appear to have been published separately.

*The History of Ireland*. Dublin, Duffy, 1869. 2 vols. Re-issued in the same year.

*The History of Ireland*, by the Abbé Mac Geoghegan and John Mitchel. New York, 1870. Issued in 40 parts.

*The History of Ireland.* New York, Collier, 1877. 2 vols., with portrait.

*A History of the Great Irish Rebellion of 1798.* By John Mitchel. Glasgow, Cameron and Ferguson, N.D. This is an excerpt from Mitchel's "History of Ireland," with an introductory and a concluding chapter by John Ferguson.

*Ireland Since '98.* Glasgow, Cameron and Fergusons N.D. An excerpt from the "History," frequently re-issued.

#### THE RICHMOND EXAMINER. [1868].

The "Richmond Examiner" during the war, or the writings of John M. Daniel, with a Memoir by his Brother, Frederick S. Daniel. New York, published for the Author, 1868.

*Note.*—I have never seen a copy of this book; there is none in any public library in Ireland or in the British Museum. About a dozen of the articles in it are the work of Mitchel and were contributed by him during the American Civil War to the *Richmond Examiner*.

#### THE CRUSADE OF THE PERIOD AND LAST CONQUEST OF IRELAND (PERHAPS). [1873].

THE CRUSADE OF THE PERIOD :/AND/LAST CONQUEST OF IRELAND/(PERHAPS.)/BY/JOHN MITCHEL./(*rule*)/NEW-YORK :/LYNCH, COLE & MEEHAN, 57 MURRAY STREET./1873.

*Size* : 7 $\frac{3}{8}$  in.  $\times$  4 $\frac{7}{8}$  in.

*Signatures* : 1-13, in twelves; 14, ten leaves.

*Pagination* : P. [1], half-title; p. [2], blank; p. [3], title; p. [4], Notice and date of entry in the Library of Congress, Washington; pp. [5] and 6, "Introduction"; pp. [7]-91, text of "The Crusade of the Period"; p. [92], blank; pp. [93]-325, text of "The Last Conquest of Ireland (Perhaps)"; p. [326], blank; pp. [327]-332. "Index."

*Binding* : Dark-green cloth, lettered on spine in gilt /IRISH/AMERICAN/LIBRARY/ in top panel, and /CRUSADE/AND/CONQUEST./ in centre panel; publisher's monogram in gilt at foot.

*Note.*—There seems to be little doubt that the above is the first edition of *The Crusade of the Period*. Writing to his sister from America in January, 1873, Mitchel says : "I have been and now am writing for the *Irish-American*, a series of articles on Froude's book and lectures. Well, they are to be printed in a book, and I will send half-a-dozen copies to Newry." The well-known Cameron and Ferguson edition, undated, which appeared under the title : 1641 : *Reply to the Falsification of Irish History by James Anthony Froude* (with "The Crusade of the Period" as a page heading throughout) was probably issued in 1874. The present bibliographer possesses a copy inscribed in Mitchel's hand : "F. MacCarthy, from his friend John Mitchel, Aug., 1874." "F. MacCarthy" was Florence MacCarthy, better known as Denis Florence MacCarthy, the poet. This edition has been frequently re-issued.

## IRELAND REVISITED. [1876].

This is a 12-page pamphlet issued without a title. The heading to page [1] reads :—

" IRELAND REVISITED " / (rule) / JOHN MITCHEL'S / LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE / IN / AMERICA, / DECEMBER 8, 1875. /

(The above is printed underneath a woodcut design of Round Tower, Harp and Wolf-dog, with a scroll bearing the slogan " Erin go Bragh ").

At the foot of p. 12 is the printer's imprint, " John F. Fowler, Printer, 3 Crow Street, Dublin."

*Size* :  $7\frac{3}{16}$  in.  $\times$  4 in. Issued unbound.

## AN ULSTERMAN FOR IRELAND. [1917].

AN ULSTERMAN / FOR IRELAND / BEING LETTERS TO THE PROTESTANT FARMERS, LABOURERS, AND / ARTISANS OF THE NORTH OF IRELAND. / BY JOHN MITCHEL / WITH A FOREWORD BY EOIN / MAC NEILL. / DUBLIN : THE CANDLE PRESS / 158 RATHGAR ROAD. 1917 /

*Size* :  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in.  $\times$  4 in.

*Signatures* : [A], 4 leaves ; B-D in eights.

*Pagination* : Page [1], half-title, on verso quotation from " Triads of Ireland " ; p. [iii], title, on verso printer's imprint only ; pp. v to vii, Foreword ; p. [viii], blank ; pp. [1] to 46, text.

*Binding* : Issued in grey-blue wrappers with title and printer's " Three Candle " design on front cover.

## IRELAND, FRANCE, AND PRUSSIA. [1918].

IRELAND, / FRANCE, AND / PRUSSIA / A SELECTION FROM / THE SPEECHES AND WRITINGS OF / JOHN MITCHEL / WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY / J. DE. L. SMYTH. / DUBLIN / THE TALBOT PRESS / (LIMITED) / 89 TALBOT STREET / LONDON / T. FISHER UNWIN / (LIMITED) / 1 ADELPHI TERRACE / 1918.

*Size* :  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in.  $\times$   $5\frac{7}{16}$  in.

*Signatures* : Only two signatures occur, A2 and A3 ; these appear on pages 9 and 17 respectively.

*Pagination* : Page [1], half-title, verso blank ; p. [3], title, printer's imprint on verso ; p. [5], quotation from article by P. J. Smyth ; p. [6], blank ; p. 7, " Contents " ; p. [8], blank ; pp. 9 to 13, Introduction, signed " J. de L. S." ; p. [14], blank ; pp. 15 to 48, text.

*Binding* : Issued in light-brown wrappers. The front cover carries the title, the price, and an oval portrait of Mitchel ; the back cover carries a list of books published jointly by the Talbot Press and Fisher Unwin.

*Note*.—The extracts printed here are taken from the *Nation* and the *Irish Citizen*, where they appeared on various dates between 1866 and 1871.

# THE REASONING ENGINE

By W. R. Fearon

THREE hundred years ago René Descartes announced that he had performed one of the most remarkable operations in human history : he severed the mind from the body, and proved to his own satisfaction that each was a separate substance. Such a dualism had been anticipated by many earlier philosophers, but the antithesis was vague, and confused by the tendency, common in Western thought, to identify mind and soul or to regard mind as the thinking aspect of the soul. Descartes by a bold metaphysical attack resolved man into two components : mind, the thinking substance, and matter, the space-extended substance. This immediately raised the new problem of how two substances differing in essence were able to act on each other ; and three hundred years of argument and investigation have failed to provide an answer acceptable to any majority of philosophers.

In order to understand a relationship, it is necessary to know something of the entities that are related. The ambiguity attached to the term " mind " is notorious ; Charles Morris has shown that at the present time there are at least six major concepts as to its nature. Some of these, however, avoid the Cartesian dilemma, either by absorbing body into mind or by extending the attributes of matter so as to include mental phenomena.

Nevertheless, between the lofty outposts of mentalism and materialism a troubled region remains where the subject of the mind-body partnership persists as an insistent difficulty in speculative thought, and C. D. Broad has collected more than a dozen different hypotheses that have been proposed to explain the interaction.

Biologists appear to have been more successful in their attempts to define the term " body." For them, it is an organism constructed of identifiable compounds undergoing continuous

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*Man on his Nature.* By Sir Charles Sherrington. Cambridge University Press. 218.

transformation in measurable ways. The characteristic of the living organism is its dynamic equilibrium with its environment. It is a system that maintains its identity by means of self-controlled physical and chemical changes. Such bloodless abstractions may seem far removed from our conscious experience of the human body, with "all its proud ivories and fires," but they constitute the terms of reference within which life is possible.

The master tissue of the higher animal is the brain and nervous system; the only tissue capable of being trained, the only part of us that can learn by experience. "Why, then," asks C. S. Myers, "should we separate mental activity and cerebral activity, seeing that the two are identical?" The belief is widespread that physiology holds the key to the laboratory of thought, although physiologists may not be able to unlock the door.

Our knowledge of the brain and its working has increased enormously since the time when Aristotle regarded it as a mere radiator for cooling the fountain of blood ejected by the heart, which for him was the centre of life and the seat of the soul. Some five hundred years later, Galen, impressed by the fact that the brain is a hollow structure of ventricles filled with a colourless liquid, concluded that these cavities were the reservoir of the animal spirits that flashed to and fro along the nerves. The eighteenth-century anatomist Sömmerring exalted the speculation by asserting that the human soul dwelt, like a sea sprite, in the watery caverns of the brain, and he showed such confidence in his thesis that he dedicated it to his great contemporary, Immanuel Kant. With tact as well as acuity, Kant pointed out that water is not an organised material, and that without organisation no matter could be regarded as providing a vehicle for the soul. Had Kant lived a hundred and fifty years later, he could not have escaped so easily, for it is now known that water is a highly organised liquid, and according to the views of some chemists might be the abode of almost anything. But long before the dreams of Sömmerring, other anatomists had begun the slow task of unravelling and tracing the nerve tracts of the body, and their work had been accepted by Descartes in developing his famous theory of the mechanistic organism, according to which the human body is a machine controlled by a thinking substance, or *âme raisonnable*. Descartes thus anticipated the modern conception

of reflex action when he postulated the occurrence of "mindless motor acts" in man and lower animals.

To-day we know that man is an elaborate mechanism, internally co-ordinated so that he is able to preserve his stability and react appropriately to the changes in his environment. Much of his behaviour is purely automatic, being motivated by springs hidden far below the level of his consciousness, and protected from any interference by his restless mind. Self-consciousness does not appear to be associated with the lower forms of life; even in man its function is somewhat obscure. From the physical aspect, the consequence of life is to delay the gradual dissipation of solar energy reaching the earth; from the psychological aspect, the effect of self-consciousness appears to be the modification of automatic behaviour. - All through man's life, his mind is receiving stimuli from the world without his body and from the world within his body; and his mind is continually translating these stimuli into actions and thoughts. To explain this mutual interaction, Descartes suggested that spirit and matter intermingled at one part of the brain, and he selected the pineal organ—that cryptic globule tucked safely away behind the third ventricle—as the most likely valve "whereby the mind controls the flow of animal spirits through the brain."

Even now the significance of the pineal organ is unknown, but few, outside some theosophical circles, believe that it is agitated by the stream of thought. Spinoza's question is still unanswered: "I would fain be told how many degrees of movement the mind can give to this little pineal gland, and with what force it can lift it." Nevertheless, there is a popular appeal in the assertion that the brain is not hermetically sealed, and the notion has reappeared, recently and rather surprisingly, in Sir Arthur Eddington's book, *The Philosophy of Physical Science*, in which he writes :—

"There is in a human being some portion of the brain, perhaps a mere speck of brain-matter, perhaps an extensive region, in which the physical effects of his volitions begin, and from which they are propagated to the nerves and muscles which translate the volition into action. We will call this portion of the brain 'conscious matter.' "

Physiology offers no support for this speculation. As Sir Charles Sherrington has observed :—

“ The brain region which we may call ‘ mental ’ is not a concentration into one cell but an enormous expansion into millions of cells. They are it is true richly interconnected. Where it is a question of ‘ mind ’ the nervous system does not integrate itself by centralization upon one pontifical cell. Rather it elaborates a million-fold democracy whose each unit is a cell.”

This passage occurs in Sherrington’s Gifford Lectures, now published under the title *Man on his Nature*. In these lectures, the author surveys the mind-body relationship in its widest sense, and in a manner that is both fruitful and unusual. In order to obtain an intellectual perspective of the long-familiar problem, Sherrington invokes the aid of the once-famous sixteenth century French physician, Jean Fernel, and, as it were, compares notes with him. The partnership is a happy one. Many of Fernel’s perplexities disappear in the light of modern knowledge ; many present-day difficulties become less serious when seen against the broader background of past history.

“ For Fernel there was duality, but that duality created a situation of no difficulty. Its members, matter and spirit combined in perfectly satisfying co-operation . . . . Where our knowledge halts our description will resort to metaphor. Long will man’s fancy deal with the tie between body and mind by metaphor and often half forget the while that metaphor it is.”

For Sherrington, energy and mind are phenomena of two categories. The brain is “ an organ of liaison ” between energy and mind, but not “ a converter of energy into mind or *vice versa*.”

“ The motor behaviour of the individual is our only contact with his individuality.” Knowing the composition of a reacting chemical system it is possible to predict its subsequent states. What it will be is determined by what it is now. But from the composition of a higher organism it is not possible to predict its behaviour without knowing its entire previous history, a condition

obviously impossible even when the observer is introspecting himself. And even then there is room for the incalculable.

What I shall be none may see,  
Yet in that my glories be.

We act as we perceive, but, in the language of psychology, a percept is always enriched by experience.

A recognisable nervous system appears fairly low down in the scale of animal life, and as it attains greater levels of complexity it confers greater individuality of behaviour. Mind appears to have arisen in association with motor activity, and Sherrington accepts McDougall's contention, that, "the most fundamental function of mind is to guide bodily movement so as to change our relation to objects about us."

From this standpoint it is possible to describe functional mind, though I do not know if Sherrington or McDougall would accept the description. Mind, as exemplified in organic behaviour is: (1) *An organisation of previous experiences that makes it possible to rationalise present experience and to predict future experience, together with* (2) *a continual impetus to act, rationalise and predict.* This, of course, affords no insight into the location of mind. The Cartesian taps his forehead, and says: "Here is where I live." The Behaviourist scratches his head, and says: "Here is where I am." But in no sense of the term can mind be regarded as occupying space. Space, as it is commonly understood, is the frame of reference for all immediate experience. Even vague sensations, not referable to a particular sense organ, are recognised as being within the person who experiences them. Since space is a reference-frame employed by mind, or necessarily imposed by mind in the process of rationalizing experience, mind cannot occupy its own observation field.

This may appear to deny the possibility of introspection, but only if we confuse the process by identifying self-consciousness with functional mind. The great achievement of the psychoanalysts has been the proof that the frontiers and the depths of the mind are beyond or below the vista of self-consciousness. The common experience of everyday life reveals that self-consciousness is not continually operative; many of our routine actions

are performed by functional mind. We are conscious of what we do, but we are not always conscious of the self in action. Furthermore, comparative psychological observation suggests that although mind is recognisable in lower animals, self-consciousness is of very late development, being restricted to the human species, although glimmerings appear in the ape, as shown by Koehler, in the dog, and in some of the animals studied by Frances Pitt. According to Sherrington, the existence of self-conscious entity, or "I," provides the way of escape from the Cartesian dilemma. Nature in evolving us has made functional mind and the perceived world two parts of the knowledge of one mind, and that one mind is our own. "We are the tie between them. Perhaps we exist for that." Fernel, with his belief in an integrating life-principle, would not have had any difficulty in accepting this explanation, nor would the Scholastic philosophers, who define psychology as the science of the soul in act.

Many of Sherrington's readers may regard his reassertion of the self-principle—the "two ways of one mind"—as a retreat from the scientific monad and a return to the metaphysical triad of body, soul and spirit. But the fact that the greatest living authority on the mechanism of the brain has seen fit to accept it should encourage us to try to find an explanation for the emergence of self-consciousness in the hierarchy of living organisms. Three grades of life may be distinguished: lower organisms unendowed with recognisable mind, higher organisms in which the nervous system is sufficiently developed to be recognisable as mind, and highest organisms in which mind is sufficiently developed to be recognisable by self.

The broad facts of life show that mind has a survival value in animals. It is complementary to instinct, though in periods of stress it is overruled by instinct. In man, the survival value of mind has enabled him to overcome the adversities of his environment, and to organise his social fabric up to the point when national aims and ideals clash and bring about international disasters. By means of his self-consciousness, man is able to draw on his past experiences, as recorded in his memory, and to construct future experiences by planning ahead. Thus the evolutionary process, which has in many ways released man from the topographical limitations of space, may eventually provide him with

a conscious self released from the chronological limitations of time. Something of this is latent in the biological view of the four-dimensional organism, in which man is an event occupying a certain volume for a certain period, a structure stretching through the years.

The first problem of life is survival, the second problem is purpose. We live in order that we may find the meaning of life, but to find life's meaning we must have leisure to reflect and to verify. This seems to be the greatest defect in the organism as we know it to-day. Our life-span is terribly inadequate, and the mere business of existence occupies and exhausts too much activity. Rochester had ample reason to realise this when he wrote :—

“ After a search so painful and so long . . .  
Huddled in dirt, the reasoning engine lies  
That was so proud, so witty and so wise.”

Sherrington's words of consolation appear to me to have the chill of the starry background beyond his book. They are brave but remote.

“ Even should mind in the cataclysm of Nature be doomed to disappear and man's mind with it, man will have had his compensation : to have glimpsed a coherent world and himself as an item in it. To have heard for a moment a harmony wherein he is a note. And to listen to a harmony is to commune with the Composer ? ”

Elsewhere it is pointed out : “ Mind knows itself and knows the world ; chemistry and physics, explaining so much, cannot undertake to explain Mind itself. It can intensify knowledge of Nature, but it cannot be shown that Mind has hitherto directed the operations of Nature.”

The triumph of mind, however, is not so much the extension of knowledge, for knowledge is infinite, as Lenin felt when he declared : “ Properties are inexhaustible.” The triumph of mind will be found in the organisation of knowledge so as to make the circumstances and conditions of life worthy of the aspirations of life. “ If blind force can do so much to wonder at, what cannot directed forces achieve ? ”

## DUBLIN DRAMA NOTES

LITERARY Ireland is enduring a period of Transition ; established writers remain established, repeating what they have said before but without the same passion—or so it seems to the reader. In England the coming of war was presaged by the despair of modern poetry, expressing the imminent collapse of what has been, in necessarily obscure language. In Ireland only our undergraduate poets echoed this despair ; our dramatists remained apathetic. A few years ago it seemed as though Anti-Clericalism and Religious Mysticism were becoming popular with our playwrights. A mild interest in Religion remains, but it is likely that the complications and conflict of Religion, Religious Mysticism and Anti-Clericalism shall, like the young Communist's dream of Utopia, be postponed to a more opportune moment.

War reduces man to a simplicity as primitive almost as War itself ; it smashes down not only all that is glorious in Civilisation and Art but all that is outworn and pretentious too. The immediate sign of simplification in Ireland is a nationwide revival of interest in the street ballad. The ballad form, even at its best, is unsatisfactory, but this revival of interest is likely to have a considerable influence on the future literature of the country. The obscurity of Radical Imagery in Poetry, and Expressionist Obscurity in the theatre have had their day. The problem of the creative craftsman to-day is to discipline himself to the expression of thought and emotion through the medium of " public speech."

The happiest effect of the War is the return of the people from the Cinema to the Theatre and the renewal of interest in Verse, which probably signifies a renewal of interest in the Verse-Drama, though we have had too little opportunity to test the accuracy of this supposition.

The three Dublin theatres, the Abbey, the Edwards-MacLiammoir Company and the Longford Players have each reacted differently to the period of Transition. We have seen many new plays at the Abbey but very few good plays. The Edwards-MacLiammoir Company, after a defiant and heroic struggle, are now a success ; they maintain this success by keeping a careful eye on the box-office. Since the imperfect production of Auden's " Ascent of F 6 " they have avoided the risk of dangerous experiment. Lord Longford's policy is perhaps the wisest. Despite the popular desire for Escapist Drama, he continues to include a courageous percentage of the great classics in his repertoire.

Last autumn the Abbey made theatrical history in Dublin by playing to packed houses for twelve weeks with George Shiels' Morality Play, " The Rugged Path." In this play we found George Shiels looking on Ireland, as usual, with

a bitter-humoured eye. Nice people are oppressed by very naughty people, but we felt sure, even though it needed a sequel "The Summit" to justify our belief, that good would triumph in the end. The conflict between good and evil is a well-trying box-office attraction; but I think the success of "The Rugged Path" was due more to its topicality. In the autumn the recruiting campaign for the Army and the L.S.F. was in full swing. In the Press and on the Radio we heard a great deal about duty and good citizenship. These lectures were repeated in "The Rugged Path" and "The Summit." It is regrettable that Shiels never sees his plays on the stage; he is a master of the popular satiric line, a master too of character caricature, but he is not remarkable for artistry in construction or profundity of thought. After "The Rugged Path" came "Three to Go" by Olga Fielden, a thriller I am trying to forget, and "Peeping Tom" by Frank Carney, which I have almost forgotten. Then came Francis Stuart's "Strange Guest," a charming play, but not great theatre. After Christmas came "Trial at Green Street Courthouse," by Roger McHugh, an adaptation of a famous Fenian trial in which Isaac Butt was Counsel for Defence. The Court scenes, selected from the Law Reports, were somewhat less thrilling than most Court scenes. Isaac Butt, as a character, never really came to life; but in *creating* the character of Jerry, the barman, Mr. McHugh gave promise of writing a really entertaining comedy. At the Gaiety Michael MacLiammoir's play "The Dancing Shadow" was not received with the same enthusiasm as "Where Stars Walk." It was strange to find Mr. MacLiammoir, an unusually versatile and experienced "man of the theatre," writing with such lack of discipline. I suspect that his obvious enthusiasm for the theme overbalanced his theatrical judgment. The drama which followed the comedy with such regularity, was too often lost in wordy discussion, and the comedy which followed the drama could have been cleverer. I must add, however, that Hilton Edwards, who gave a nicely restrained performance as the thought-reader, did often command the enthusiasm of his audience. "Ladies in Retirement," which followed "Dancing Shadow," was a thriller.

The production and stage settings of Lord Longford's Company have been improving each season; but there is still much room for improvement among the players themselves. A few weeks ago, however, I saw a delicate and restrained production of Chekov's beautiful play, "The Seagull." On the whole it was acted with the necessary appreciation of quiet movement and speech. There was some excellent acting, but there was at least one player, perhaps injudiciously cast, who disturbed this effect by lack of sensitivity and harshness. "The Seagull" was followed by an entertaining production of "Much Ado about Nothing."

L. R.

## MONTALEMBERT—Continued.

### JOURNAL DE VOYAGE EN IRLANDE, 1830

*Mardi 12 Octobre.*—A 6 heures départ de Kilkenny pour Carlow où je suis arrivé à 9 heures, et où j'ai été aussitôt retrouver mes premiers amis ecclésiastiques les professeurs du Collège, Clancy, Nolan et Mc Cleod. J'ai fait 2 nouvelles connaissances je dirais presque deux nouvelles amitiés : le Dr. Fitzgerald vénérable vieillard qui a longtemps habité et aimé la France et qui maintenant est président du collège, puis le Rev. Cahill, prêtre et professeur des Sciences naturelles, beau jeune homme vigoureux et énergique. Déjeuner avec eux tous, charmantes relations. Promenade avec Clancy et Nolan ; nous avons parcouru plusieurs châteaux et villages de la rive opposée du Barrow dans le Queen's Country, partout on voit régner la passion du gothique et du moyen-âge ; il n'y a pas jusqu'aux moulins qui ne soient atteints de l'heureuse contagion ; j'en ai vu 2 aujourd'hui qui avaient absolument l'air de deux forts crénelés. A Carlow il y a une très belle ruine, celle d'un château fondé par Jean, et formant l'un des points d'appui de la *Pale* Anglaise. Nous avons visité Milford belle propriété d'un colonel protestant et *Tindersily* village où il y a une vaste et simple chapelle avec 2 écoles catholiques. Ces écoles comme les chapelles sont entretenues exclusivement aux frais des fidèles tandis que le Gouvernement paie un subside annuel de 40,000 Livres aux écoles protestantes. A ce village nous nous sommes informés de la santé du pauvre prêtre, malade d'une fièvre typhus, dont il a été atteint en visitant les malades de sa paroisse et en respirant leur haleine pendant leur confession. Tels sont les dangers de la "mission" nom que l'on donne en Irlande aux fonctions de desservants : le père Clancy, qui l'a été 6 ans, m'en a raconté en détail toutes les épreuves et toutes les consolations. Les deux catégories sont également nombreuses.

Dîner au collège aussi gai qu'intéressant. Nous avons pour convive principal le Major Fitzgerald cousin germain du Président, homme Irlandais jusqu'au bout des doigts qui a joué un rôle fort important et fort honorable sous la rébellion de 1798 et qui m'a raconté les détails les plus intéressants et les plus neufs sur cette époque et le Lord Edward Fitzgerald, sur le caractère de ce

dernier, sur le soulèvement du Wexford, le procès et le supplice de Byrne, enfin sur l'admirable et malheureuse tentative d'Emmett en 1803. Après cette conversation instructive et pour moi charmante, nous avons eu un vrai concert. Le major nous a joué avec un feu extraordinaire ces *jigs* Irlandaises qui inspirent l'amour et le besoin de danser plus que toute autre musique que je connaisse ; puis l'air séditieux de *Grawnaquill*, et enfin plusieurs airs du célèbre et aveugle Carolan, *Lord Mayo's March*, *Ned of the Hills*, *the Drinking Canon*, etc. . . tous chefs d'oeuvre d'originalité, de sauvagerie et de délicatesse. Puis le père Cahill et 2 autres prêtres nous ont chanté l'air national *d'Erin-go-bragh*, avec les délicieuses paroles de Campbell, et les plus belles mélodies de Moore, surtout celles qui se rapportent à Emmett et qui sont peut être les 3 plus belles de toutes " *She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps.* " " *Oh ! breathe not his name !* " et " *When he who adores Thee* " . . . Cette dernière est vraiment sublime. Quelquefois tous les prêtres se joignaient comme malgré eux aux chanteurs et formaient un chorus aussi bizarre qu'expressif. Le major m'a joué sur son violon les airs les plus chéris parmi les mélodies, telles que *Gramachree* (the harp that once through Tara's halls), *Molly avrone* (Farewell but when ever), *The groves of Blarney* (It is the last rose of Summer) etc. . . En les entendant ainsi j'ai pu apprécier la valeur intrinsèque de la musique, à part de l'attrait de la poésie et de la chanteuse. Terminant à regret cette charmante soirée, je m'en suis retourné à mon auberge pour y attendre le départ de la malle. Mon âme était remplie d'enthousiasme et d'exaltation par ce que je venais de voir et d'entendre. Je le répète pour comprendre ce qu'est et ce que vaut le véritable patriotisme, il faut étudier et connaître les prêtres Irlandais, il faut les entendre prononcer ce nom d'Irlande si cher et si sacré, il faut les écouter chanter en chœur les ravissantes mélodies de Moore tandis que leur regard perçant plonge dans l'oeil de l'étranger et cherche à y lire si lui aussi a un coeur qui bat pour l'Irlande et pour Dieu.

*Mercredi 13 Octobre.*—A minuit je suis parti dans la malle poste pour Naas sur la route de Dublin. J'y suis arrivé vers 3h. 1/2 du matin et m'y suis couché pendant 3 heures. A 7 heures je suis monté en carriole en laissant à droite Naas où l'on remarque une belle chapelle gothique en construction, je me suis

dirigé vers Maynooth en traversant le Comté de Kildare dans toute sa longueur. Le double désir de visiter le séminaire ou collège Royal du clergé catholique, et le château du Duc de Leinster, m'attirait à Maynooth, et ces deux désirs ont été également bien remplis. Arrivé à 9 heures à la détestable auberge de Maynooth, après m'être habillé et avoir déjeuné j'ai été trouver le Dr. Crotty, Président du Collège, vénérable ecclésiastique qui ressemble beaucoup au Docteur Fitzgerald et qui a été 50 ans au collège St. Patrick à Lisbonne. Après quelques moments de conversation avec lui sur l'Irlande et sur le Dr. Miguel dont il est le partisan déclaré, il m'a fait faire le tour de l'établissement de concert avec un vieux prêtre Français, réfugié de 1792, ultra en diable, nommé Abbé de Langlade. Ce collège, fondé et surveillé par le gouvernement est vraiment très florissant : il reçoit par an du gouvernement 9,000 livres ce qui suffit pour entretenir 250 élèves à titre gratuit, chaque diocèse a droit à un nombre proportionnel de places gratuites, réparti ainsi qu'il suit entre les provinces, 75 pour le Munster, 75 pour l'Ulster et 50 pour le Connaught et 50 pour le Leinster. Le collège reçoit en outre 150 pensionnaires à 25 livres par an. Il fait des économies assez considérables pour pouvoir entreprendre des constructions fort vastes. La chapelle, dans le genre grec, est fort bien ; un nouveau bâtiment pour recevoir les nouveaux venus est fort commodément distribué. Chaque élève a sa chambre, sans feu. La durée du cours obligé est 2 ans de philosophie et 3 de théologie. On peut y faire auparavant 2 ans d'humanités et ensuite si l'on est au nombre des 20 premiers au dernier examen, on devient *senior scholar*, et on fait 6 ans d'études de plus. Après avoir parcouru le collège en détail, j'ai été à un mille de Maynooth, à Carton, château moderne mais magnifique du Duc et de la Duchesse de Leinster, ils m'ont tous reçu à merveille ; Le Duc est un homme de 39 ans, gai, aimable, sans aucune hauteur, la duchesse, jolie, gracieuse, affable autant qu'il est possible ; a toute la distinction de la plus haute naissance sans une ombre de morgue ou de vanité—Elle est née Lady Charlotte Stanhope (Harrington) et a, selon le livre des Pairs, 36 ans, quoiqu'on ne lui en donnerait pas 28. J'ai trouvé aussi à Carton, Madame Beauclerc, tante du Duc, ancienne fashionable et grande admiratrice de mon père ; sa fille, belle mais trop hautaine ; Lady Caroline Stanhope, soeur de la Duchesse, peu jolie mais fort aimable, une demoiselle Coleman,

très piquante ; plusieurs officiers aux Gardes et enfin celle que j'aurais voulu nommer la 1<sup>re</sup>, la belle Melle Stanhope, nièce de la duchesse, avec qui j'avais dansé chez Lady Emily Hardinge, mais qui m'a paru aujourd'hui 20 fois plus aimable et plus belle. C'est, à vrai dire, la plus *jolie* personne que j'ai vue ; elle n'a nullement le type majestueux et romanesque de la beauté Anglaise ; mais toute la grâce, toute la gentillesse, tout l'attrait d'une Française ou d'une Espagnole. Elle m'a semblé la parfaite image d'une de ces Gadétanes dont Byron trace un portrait si séducteur. Elle est avec cela fort bonne personne et pour moi fort aimable : je lui crois peu d'esprit et de sensibilité ; mais la déplorable influence de la société de Londres, n'a pas encore ternie la simplicité gracieuse de sa jeunesse, elle ne doit avoir que 17 à 18 ans. Promenade avec la Duchesse à son *cottage* qui est très gentil et digne d'une fashionable de 1<sup>re</sup> volée. J'ai refusé une invitation pressante à dîner et à coucher pour retourner au séminaire et je ne me suis pas repenti de ma persévérance et de mon courage. J'ai dîné avec le Président et les professeurs du collège, et j'ai eu le bonheur de me trouver à côté du célèbre et vénérable Docteur Murray, archevêque de Dublin, chef réel de l'église Irlandaise que je désirais tant connaître, et dont j'ai fait sans le connaître un portrait d'imagination dans mon article du *Correspondant*, portrait auquel la réalité répond exactement.<sup>1</sup>

J'ai été charmé de ses manières, de son ton, de ses opinions, et j'ai eu lieu de croire qu'il n'était pas mécontent des miennes. Ce dîner restera parmi les beaux souvenirs de mon voyage, je dirai même de ma vie. Je crois n'avoir jamais ressenti une émotion plus douce, plus flatteuse et plus enivrante que lorsqu'après le dîner et de la manière la plus inattendue le vieux Président a débité un long discours en mon honneur, et qu'il a terminé l'éloge le plus exagéré de mes opinions et de ma personne, en proposant une santé, qui a été bue au milieu des applaudissements

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<sup>1</sup> *Correspondant* du 18 Juin 1830 compte rendu de " Scènes populaires en Irlande par M. Shiel " . . . cet archevêque Murray, vieillard octogénaire, à la voix douce et mélodieuse, au front large et pur, au regard calme et majestueux et qui, un jour, ayant à parler au peuple, monte en chaire et appuyant sur son coeur la main qui venait de consacrer l'hostie sainte, l'oeil en feu et tout le corps tremblant d'émotion, commença son discours par ces mots : " La pensée des maux de mon pays brûle mon âme au dedans de moi. "

Daniel Murray (1768-1852) coadjuteur, puis successeur de Mgr. Troy comme archevêque de Dublin ; fut en correspondance avec les promoteurs du mouvement d'Oxford, Pusey et Newman ; se dévoua à l'organisation de l'enseignement catholique et aux oeuvres d'assistance, et établit en Irlande l'Ordre des Filles de la Charité.

par cet illustre prélat dont le nom seul m'inspirait une si profonde vénération et par ces vingt-cinq ecclésiastiques à qui deux heures auparavant j'étais parfaitement inconnu. J'étais tellement confus et surpris que je ne sus pas répondre un mot ; je ne puis que baisser ma tête pour cacher les larmes d'orgueil et de joie que m'arrachait cet hommage de sympathie et d'estime rendu par tant d'hommes âgés et vénérables à moi laïc, étranger et presque enfant.

Après dîner je suis retourné à Carton ; la soirée a été brillante ; on a chanté quelques romances charmantes, on a dansé et joué de toutes sortes d'instruments, surtout la Duchesse et Miss Stanhope : j'ai brillé par ma maladresse en essayant une *mazourque* ; j'ai été reçu *Knight of the whistle*, bête de cérémonie à laquelle sont assujetti tous les hôtes de Carton—enfin j'ai passé presque toute ma soirée à côté de Miss Stanhope, mais toutes ces jouissances m'ont semblées bien futiles, et bien nulles auprès de la grande et pure émotion que je venais d'éprouver au Séminaire. Je persistai à ne pas vouloir coucher à Carton et revins à Maynooth à 2 heures du matin.

*Jedi 14 Octobre.*—Retour à Dublin par une très jolie route de 11 milles en passant par *Leixlip* où il y a une gorge charmante formée par la Liffey et nommée the Salmon's Leap, Lucan et Palmerstown, vaste château du Comte de Mays. Arrivé à Dublin j'ai perdu mon temps à lire le *Constitutionnel* du mois dernier. Le soir j'ai été sous la protection de Mme. Beauclerk et de Mr. de Cauclaux à une soirée chez Lady Morgan où je croyais trouver Sheil. Je n'ai vu que sa femme, vieille veuve qu'il vient d'épouser pour avoir ses 4,000 Livres de rente. Il y avait aussi Sir Guy Campbell et sa femme, fille de Lord Edward Fitzgerald et de Pamela, dont la figure est fort distinguée et serait fort agréable si ses sourcils étaient moins fortement prononcés. J'y ai trouvé de plus Lady Emily Hardinge, Mr. Wood, Lady Clarke, soeur de Lady Morgan, et ses 2 filles jolies et bonnes musiciennes. Nous avons eu un sot improvisateur Italien, un guitariste espagnol, et un vieux harpiste aveugle de Belfast, l'un des derniers de son espèce qui a joué de fort jolis airs sur la harpe Irlandaise dont les cordes sont de fil d'archal. J'ai su que Miss Kennedy avait été souffrante depuis mon départ. Je l'avais presque oubliée, mais mon amitié pour elle est tout à coup revenue.

*Vendredi 15 Octobre.*—A 7 heures départ sur la malle poste par Belfast. Les premiers 23 milles jusqu'à Drogheda passent à travers un pays plat et peu intéressant, la 1<sup>e</sup> station est Ashbourne, village où nous avons déjeuné, puis *Duleek* ancienne ville auprès de laquelle se trouve le château de *Athcairne* où Jacques II coucha la nuit de la bataille de la Boyne, et un des châteaux du Marquis de Thomond, avant d'arriver à Drogheda on voit serpenter dans le lointain cette célèbre rivière de Boyne sur les rives de laquelle se consumma la servitude d' l'Irlande ; un obélisque fort élevé montre au voyageur le lieu d'où Guillaume présida à sa victoire. Drogheda, célèbre par le siège qu'en fit Cromwell, est un port de mer, riche et peuplé, avec des ruines assez remarquables—20,000 âmes : c'est la principale ville du Cté de Louth, et, après Dublin, du Leinster. De là on se rend par les jolis villages de *Dunleer*, *Castle Bellingham*, et *Lurgan Green*, en passant à peu de distance de la mer à travers un pays riche, fertile et varié jusqu'à *Dundalk*, capitale du comté de Louth, autre port de mer à l'embouchure de la rivière de *Castle-Town* et autrefois entouré de châteaux Normands. On voit encore celui des Comtes de *Clanbrassil*, aujourd'hui au Comte de *Roden* ; 10,000 âmes. Belle maison de ville. Les environs sont mieux boisés que d'autres parties de l'Irlande ; la campagne est évidemment mieux cultivée, plus productive que dans le midi, mais la population est moins originale et moins vigoureuse. Le Comté de Louth est cependant entièrement catholique et Irlandais.

A *Dundalk* on quitte le *Leinster* pour entrer dans l'*Ulster* où les catholiques, quoique toujours en majorité, sont contrebalancés par les Anglicans, et surtout par les Presbytériens.

En sortant de *Dundalk* on laisse à droite la belle chaîne des montagnes *Carlingford* et derrière elles les charmants paysages de *Ross Trever* et *Narrow water*. Je n'ai malheureusement pas le temps de les admirer. La route de *Dundalk* à *Newry* est du reste très belle, elle passe par une vallée étroite fermée par les monts *Bellurgan* et *Slieve Gullen*, qui dominent le beau domaine de *Ravensdale* appartenant à Sir *Harry Goodricke*. *Newry* où nous avons dîné est la principale ville du Comté de *Down* ; c'est un port assez commerçant : rue régulière, belles églises—10,000 âmes.

De *Newry* la route est fort pittoresque et fort variée : je ne croyais pas le nord de l'Irlande aussi attrayant qu'il l'est. Il y

a moins de sauvagerie que dans le midi, mais aussi moins de monotonie et plus de confort. Le Comté de Down est très pittoresque comme celui de Louth—Malheureusement à *Banbridge*, fort joli village sur une montagne audessus du Bann, la nuit est survenue et je n'ai pu rien voir de plus; je suis entré dans l'intérieur de la voiture et j'ai dormi jusqu'à ce que nous sommes arrivés à Belfast en passant par les villes et les beaux domaines de Hillsborough et de Lisburne. Journée de 80 milles (40 lieues). A Belfast Royal Hotel. Temps magnifique, sans pareil.

*Samedi 16 Octobre.*—Tentative infructueuse pour voir l'évêque catholique le Dr. Croly, qui est en visite pastorale. Badaudage dans les rues de Belfast et lecture de journaux. Belfast est une très belle ville, la 3<sup>e</sup> en grandeur et peut-être la 1<sup>e</sup> en commerce de l'Irlande. Les rues sont régulières, les édifices publics imposants, le port superbe et formé par l'embouchure de la rivière Lagan. 50,000 habitants. La ville est dominée par une chaîne de hautes montagnes d'où l'on a une vue magnifique; elle est à vrai dire la capitale de l'Ulster quoiqu'elle ne soit pas même le chef lieu du Comté d'Antrim où elle est située. Elle appartient tout entière au Marquis de Donegall, Comte de Belfast, qui demeure à *Ormeau* de l'autre côté de la rivière. J'ai été l'y voir, ou plutôt sa femme, vieille coquette, assez agréable et fort polie. *Ormeau* n'est qu'une *villa*, trop près des fourneaux de Belfast, mais élégamment décorée dans le genre gothique et bien situé. Lady Donegall m'a fait donner un cheval avec lequel j'ai été voir *Belvoir* château de Sir Robert Bateson, avec un des plus beaux parcs et une des plus belles vues sur la rivière Lagan, que l'on puisse imaginer. Dîner chez les Donegall; Sir Stephen et Lady May, frère et belle-soeur de la Marquise, Madame Blair, jeune et jolie femme d'un colonel, Mr. Murray, officier fort spirituel et grand voyageur, soirée amusante grâce à ces 2 derniers. Refus des offres vraiment hospitalières de Lady Donegall. Retour à Belfast, le soir.

*Dimanche 17 Octobre.*—A 7 heures départ de Belfast, au milieu d'un épais brouillard qui m'a empêché d'admirer les montagnes qui surmontent la ville et le beau *Lough* Belfast qui forme la rade de la ville. Après avoir longé la côte où Guillaume III débarqua en 1688, je suis arrivé à *Carrickfergus*, ancienne et

célèbre ville, chef lieu du Comté d' Antrim où il y a un château fort, sur la mer, fondé par la . . . . . de Courcy ou de Lacy, conquérant et comte d'Ulster, et en très bon état. C'est un fort beau reste de la féodalité.

De Carrickfergus ma route s'est prolongée à travers un pays très pittoresque, très varié et extrêmement cultivé, borné à droite par la mer calme et pure, à gauche par de hautes montagnes assez bien boisées. J'ai passé par *Bellahill* et *Castle Dobbs*, 2 assez beaux châteaux de Mrs. Dalway et Dobbs, tous 2 modernes, mais fort bien situés, par *Ballycarry* joli village avec l'église ruinée de Templecaron, par le domaine de *Redhall* à Mr. Kerr, enfin par *Glynn* l'un des plus charmants endroits que j'ai vu en Irlande—La vue que l'on en a descendant la côte qui domine ce village, est admirable ; elle s'étend sur une baie formée par la péninsule dite *Island Magee* où se trouvent des ruines fort curieuses ; et au loin on aperçoit le port et les maisons de la jolie ville de Larne avec le vieux château d'Olderfleet qui s'élève sur une langue de terre dite *Currain*. Cette langue protège le port de Larne et n'est séparée que par un étroit bras de mer de l'extrémité d'*Island Magee*. La baie est ainsi presque complètement fermée et forme un coup d'oeil enchanteur. De Glynn à Larne la route qui coule à côté de la mer est dominée par de hautes montagnes ombragées, par de beaux arbres et traverse des hameaux dont toutes les maisons sont propres et d'une blancheur éclatante.

Les toits mêmes sont souvent enduits de chaux à l'extérieur pour les garantir davantage contre la pluie. Quelqu'enthousiaste que je sois de l'Irlande méridionale je dois avouer que le Nord la surpasse en fertilité, en richesse, en *comfort*, mais aussi il y a bien moins d'originalité, surtout parmi le peuple. Ici c'est principalement une colonie de *Lowlanders* Ecossais qui habite le pays et qui y a transporté ses habitudes de propreté et d'ordre. Le caractère Irlandais est ici étranger ainsi que le catholicisme : tous deux se retrouvent plus au nord.

A Larne qui me paraît un endroit florissant, j'ai entendu la messe dans une des plus misérables chapelles que j'aie encore vues ; la chasuble usée et rapée du prêtre, les chandelles de suif sur l'autel, indiquaient une étonnante pauvreté. Mais l'auditoire était composé de gens assez bien habillé et aussi fervens que dans le midi. Pour ne pas faire tache parmi eux, je suis resté comme eux à genoux pendant toute la messe sur la terre humide

et pierreuse ! Ils n'ont pas même de quoi paver leurs églises. . . De Larne à Glenarm, où j'avais fixé mon gîte nocturne, la route est également pittoresque : elle passe au pied des mont Agnew, du Knock Doo et du *Sallaigh Braes*, éminence d'une forme très bizarre qui domine l'église de Carn Castle. Le château de ce nom est en ruines sur un rocher entouré par la mer. Puis il a fallu gravir une côte éminence de 3 milles de long ; pendant la montée on a une fort belle vue de la mer et du rivage que l'on vient de parcourir et au sommet on aperçoit les tourelles du château de Glenarm, situé au fond d'une gorge pittoresque et à l'embouchure d'une petite rivière ; entouré de bois et de montagnes à proximité de la mer et d'une ville propre et peuplée, ce château est un des mieux placés et des plus complète que je connaisse. Il est très ancien, mais restauré plusieurs fois de fond en comble ; je crois que l'édifice actuel date du 17<sup>e</sup> siècle. Mr. McDonnell mari de la Comtesse d'Antrim qui en est la propriétaire actuelle y a fait de grandes améliorations dans le meilleur goût possible. J'aurais beaucoup joui de cet endroit original et pittoresque si j'avais eu une autre hôtesse.

*Lundi 18 Octobre.*—Après avoir eu la plus grande peine du monde à m'échapper des griffes de Lady Antrim, qui m'a forcé d'avaler une exhibition de tous ses colifichets qui m'a impudemment demandé de lui en envoyer de Paris, je me suis échappé de ce maudit Glenarm qui serait un endroit ravissant sans elle et me suis mis en route pour le Giant's Causeway. Le manque de temps me force d'abréger le reste de ma tournée. Contrée originale irlandaise et catholique, conquise par les McDonnells, Cte d'Antrim venus d'Ecosse, mais catholique, ligne de châteaux en ruines tout le long de la côte—Pays éminemment pittoresque ; beau pendant de la côte de Kerry que je parcourais à cheval il y a trois semaines, peut-être plus généralement beau que le midi ; mais rien en particulier ne vaut Glengariff ou le lac Supérieur de Killarney. Souvenirs et monuments du héros d'Ossian dont j'ai lu les poèmes justement pendant ces derniers jours. Rien ne pouvait être plus à propos. J'en ai été enthousiasmé. . . Route curieuse et charmante le long de la mer calme et pure, audessus d'une falaise et audessous d'une ligne de montagnes couverte de verdure et de bruyères pourprées. Chemin coupé en plusieurs endroits dans le roc vif par les soins de Mr. Turnly. Beau temps, coup d'oeil pittoresque

pour toute la journée, rehaussé comme partout en Irlande par la fumée bleuâtre et arrondie en formes gracieuses, ce qui est le propre de la fumée de tourbe ou du *bog* que l'on brûle partout ici quoiqu'il y ait plusieurs mines de houille. J'ai passé par *Drumnasole* château de parc de Mr. Turnley ; *Dunmaul* ancien fort de McDonnell, retranchement de gazon au haut d'une falaise verticale de 300 pieds de haut. très beau. A côté *Gerron Point* triple promontoire de rochers basaltiques. Curieux mélange de sombre basalte avec l'éclatante blancheur de la pierre à chaux. Route coupée dans le roc. Rocher isolé de *Clocken Stookan*. Toujours chaîne de montagne domine la route ; *Carrig Murphy* etc. . . Torrent et pont d'*Ardclimnis*, large et belle vallée de *Glenariff* (v. scène d'ouverture du beau roman de *Banim the Boyne Water*) borné à l'Ouest par le vaste Mont *Lurgeidan*, à sommet bizarre et carré, surmonté d'un tumulus qui passe pour avoir été un des forts de *Fingall*. Au fond, cascade d'*Isnabrad* dont les eaux traversent la vallée et se jettent dans *Red Bay*. Excellent bain de mer : mélange agréable des rochers, de cultures et de prairies—Plus loin cavernes creusées dans le roc ; ruines du château de *Red Bay* fondé par les *Bissett* au XII<sup>e</sup> siècle, la route passe sous une arche de terre argileuse et rougeâtre—Pays charmant jusqu'à *Cusheendall* ou *Newtown Glens*, coin très florissant et très pittoresque à 10 milles de *Glenarm Rath*—bonne auberge. Puis 3 milles faits à pied le long de la mer jusqu'à *Cushendun*, charmant village à l'embouchure du *Dun* et à l'embranchement de 2 vallées, l'une dans la direction de *Cushendall* et l'autre de *Ballymony*—Caves creusées par les vagues peu intéressantes—La brièveté du jour m'a forcé à renoncer à une charmante tournée le long de la mer par *Murloch* et *Taspoint* jusqu'à *Ballycastle* pour laquelle j'avais payé d'avance. Au diable cette sotte *Lady Antrim* qui m'a retenu. Quittant le rivage de la mer je me dirige en droite ligne sur *Ballycastle* à travers le pays, 12 milles de chemin : gorge étroite et pittoresque de *Glen Dun*, côte de *Grange Hill*—*Bog* perpétuel jusqu'à *Ballycastle*—paresse le soir.

*Mardi 19 Octobre.*—*Ballycastle*—Ville propre et florissante. Beaucoup de *gentry*. Aisance générale—Presque toute la population est presbytérienne. Ville située au pied de *Knockade*, surmonté de 3 tombeaux de princesses Scandinaves, 1,500 âmes. A un 1/4 de lieue à l'est *Ballycastle Quay*, sorte de port, avec

les débris d'une jetée emportée par les vagues—4 milles plus loin à l'est promontoire de *Fair Head* ou *Benmore* on passe par *Bona-Margey*, abbaye ruinée et sépulture des McDonnell's d'Antrim, et par l'église et Culfeighrimm. *Fair Head* est magnifique, 535 pieds de haut dont 250 en rocher basaltique absolument vertical, coup d'oeil effrayant—divisé en 2 par coupure de 200 pieds dit the *Gray Man's Path*. Accès difficile et fatigant derrière 2 lacs. Mer calme. En temps d'orage la vue doit être sublime. En face l'île de Raghlin appartenant toute entière à un curé anglais, M. Gage qui y réside. 3,000 âmes. Séjour du fameux Edouard Bruce au 14<sup>e</sup> siècle. Vue de Ballycastle, déjeuner et départ pour le *Giant's Causeway*, 11 milles de chemin jusqu'à l'endroit nommé *Rock Head*, laisse à droite fameux rocher de *Carrick-a-Rede*, dont le pont de corde est décroché; le promontoire de *Kenbaan*, la ville de *Ballintoy* et la ruine de *Dunseverick*, autre château des McDonnell. Bateau pris à *Rock Head*, mer heureusement fort calme, autrement tout manqué—Le *Giant's Causeway* à la 1<sup>re</sup> vue m'a furieusement désappointé; mais un examen plus attentif y fait découvrir beaucoup d'intérêt; c'est une triple chaussée formée de colonnes de basalte, de 14 à 36 pieds de haut, parfaitement polygonales, ordinairement de 5 à 6 côtés; 2 ou 3 de 9—Elle est partagée en 3 par des masses de roche noire dit *whindyke*, distincte du basalte en ce que les couches y sont horizontales ou obliques, tandis que dans le basalte elles sont parfaitement verticales. La branche orientale de la chaussée a 900 pieds de long; elle est la plus curieuse, toutes trois se perdent graduellement dans les vagues, à marée haute elles sont à moitié couvertes. Phénomène inexplicable et très curieux. Dans le rocher immense d'où sort la chaussée, on voit plusieurs effets curieux produits par la disposition des colonnes basaltiques, noms fantastiques donnés par le peuple: *Giant's Loom*; *Giant's Organ*, *Giant's Chair*. En continuant à naviguer le long de la côte à l'est, on passe au pied d'une falaise de basalte du caractère le plus imposant, et on voit plusieurs autres rochers encore plus bizarres; tels sont les *Chimney Tops* bombardés par l'Armada espagnole (en 1584) qui les prit pour les cheminées d'un chateau, *The King's Crown*, *the King & his nobles* et surtout *the Nurse & Child*—Ce qui est admirable et bien plus digne de renommée que le *Giant's Causeway*, c'est le promontoire de *Pleaskin*, vaste rideau de rochers; composé par 3 rangées de colonnes basaltiques, parfaitement régulières les

unes audessus des autres et séparées par des couches horizontales d'ochre rouge, d'whyndyke et de charbon noir—La falaise a 412 pieds de haut et les colonnes 72. Au centre s'élève un triangle de gazon au milieu des rochers, à l'orient et à l'occident sont 2 rochers bizarres nommés the *Giant's Pulpit* et the *Lion's Head*. A 1 mille plus loin on voit Bengore qui est l'extrémité la plus septentrionale de l'Irlande, moins beau que Pleaskin mais dans le même genre. En revenant, toujours en bateau, j'ai été visiter deux cavernes excavées par les vagues, la plus belle Dunkerry n'est accessible que par eau, elle a 660 pieds d'enfoncement sous la falaise ; 60 pieds d'élévation à l'entrée et 16 pieds d'eau. La mer y entre jusqu'à la moitié : l'eau y est d'une verdure et d'une transparence incroyable, coup de fusil tiré : écho vraiment sublime. Autre caverne *Port Coon*, 300 pieds d'enfoncement, moins intéressante. J' ai été bien heureux pour le temps, s'il avait fait du vent je n'aurais pu absolument rien voir.

Du Causeway j'ai été à Bushmills village grandissant à 2 milles plus loin et delà avec un compagnon j'ai été à *Coleraine* en passant par *Dunluce*. A *Dunluce* est la plus belle ruine féodale que l'on puisse concevoir. Chef lieu des McDonnell avant Glenarm, abandonné sous Charles II et presque entier—situé sur un rocher isolé, moitié entouré par la mer, côtes couvertes de gazon mêlé de rocher. On n'y peut entrer que par un mur qui traverse le précipice, et qui n'a positivement qu'un pied de large : la surface en est de plus raboteuse et semée de cailloux. C'est effrayant, on s'y aventure bien en allant mais le retour est très désagréable. La chute serait au moins de 200 pieds et le vent vous permet à peine de rester debout. Mais le château vaut la peine d'être visité. Il est presque entier mais sans toit. Les matériaux sont si excellents qu'il y a des murs qui restent debout sans autre soutien que les 2 tours à chaque extrémité ; la terre sur laquelle ils étaient appuyés s'étant graduellement éboulée, quand les tours tombent c'est par pans très considérables et sans que les pierres se détachent, se brisent. On pourrait fort bien le réparer et l'habiter. Vaste cheminée. Chambre de la fée balayée chaque nuit par elle.

*Coleraine*, ville florissante, 12,000 âmes, bien éclairé—thé—voyage de nuit à Belfast par Antrim et Templepatrick, je n'ai pas eu le temps de voir Lord Ferrard ni Lord Templetown à mon grand regret.

*Mercredi 20 Octobre.*—Retour à Belfast exprès pour voir l'évêque Croly, qui en était reparti ! vif désappointement. Journée consumée à écrire des lettres. Puis départ pour Dublin, par le temps le plus abominable du monde—après avoir été bien mouillé sur le haut de la malle poste, je suis entré dans l'intérieur où j'étouffais avec 3 autres malheureux comme moi. Souper exécrable à Newry : nuit dégoûtante.

*Jeudi 21 Octobre.*—Journée consumée en adieux, en courses inutiles, en préparatifs de départ, en vaines tentations pour rester. Refus courageux de dîner chez les Armit le 23 malgré la tentation de la beauté de Melles Armit. Visites infructueuses au Parc chez Lady Emily Hardinge. Lettres à Miss Kennedy que j'ai (sic) mille efforts pour voir une dernière fois mais en vain ; lettre à Lady Morgan, réponse comique. Le soir au spectacle—très mauvais—2 figurantes françaises reçues avec enthousiasme par ces bons Dublinois. J'ai eu le plaisir de voir les 3 journées de Juillet mises en scènes ; je n'ai été amusé que par les farces d'un Irlandais que l'on y introduit à propos de rien.

*Vendredi 22 Octobre.*—Temps atroce. Course de 20 miles à Kilruddery et de retour, dans la folle espérance de revoir une dernière fois cette belle et malheureuse Lady T. qui m'inspire un si vif intérêt, mais lord Brabazon venait de partir et Lady Meath ne recevait pas. J'ai donc complètement échoué, cette course m'a fait perdre une journée précieuse et a achevé d'épuiser mes finances. Je n'ai pas de quoi rester. (*reçoit lettre de son ami H. de Bonnechose qui lui annonce qu'il se fait prêtre—emotion—lui répond*).

*Samedi 23 October.*—Jour néfaste. Après une matinée passée en courses et visites d'adieux à Sir William Betham l'excellentissime et à Lady Clarke dont la fille aînée Sidney est vraiment fort jolie, j'ai du faire mes paquets, quitter l'excellent hotel de Gresham et tourner le dos à ce cher Dublin où j'ai passé de si heureux moments.

J'ai été m'embarquer à Howth sur le bateau à vapeur de la poste : partis à 4 heures, au bout d'une heure nous avons perdu de vue le beau promontoire de Howth, dernier point de la belle terre d'Irlande. A 10 hs nous étions arrivés à Holihead, dans

le pays de Galles après une admirable traversée de 25 lieux en 6 heures, par un calme parfait.

Je ne peux pas comparer l'émotion avec laquelle je quitte l'Irlande à celle que j'éprouvai l'an dernier en perdant de vue la côte de Suède, et cependant mon coeur est comme alors accablé sous le poids d'un invincible tristesse.

J'ai passé en Irlande 2 mois des plus heureux de ma vie, je n'hésiterais pas à dire les plus heureux si j'avais eu de temps en temps à mes côtés un ami, un confident pour recevoir mes épanchements, et si ce bonheur avait pu être durable et fécond pour l'avenir. Mais à quoi me sert-il maintenant : je n'ai pas entrepris le moindre travail sérieux et ne rapporte point de matériaux pour mon histoire : je n'ai vécu en Irlande que de la vie du coeur et cette vie elle-même la plus belle de toutes, sera stérile pour moi : car je n'y laisse pas un *ami*, ni une *amie*, rien que des commencemens de liaisons d'amitié ou d'amour. Ces jouissances si vives et si passagères, qui ont agité mon coeur pendant ces 2 mois, ne serviront qu'à me rendre plus insoutenables . . . (coupure) . . . l'état désespérant des affaires publiques et de ma destinée politique.

Ma foi et mon fervent attachement au Catholicisme auront seuls profité de ce voyage : sous ce rapport je crois que j'ai puisé dans mon séjour en Irlande dix ans de vie et de force. Plut au Ciel que je fusse aussi dévoué à la pratique des vertus chrétiennes que je le suis à la cause et à la liberté de l'Eglise du Christ.

## BOOK REVIEWS

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF SCOTTISH POETRY. Selected and Edited by Hugh MacDiarmid. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

This anthology keeps the pleasant design and format of *The Golden Treasury of Irish Verse*, edited by Lennox Robinson and published in 1925. There was, however, one practical disadvantage in the Irish anthology which made it almost impossible to find a poem quickly. The book lacked the ordinary table of contents; the index of authors was arranged alphabetically, and their poems were designated by Roman numerals; the page index was useless unless one happened to know the first line of the required poem. Unfortunately, the publishers have seen fit to repeat this complicated indexing in *The Golden Treasury of Scottish Poetry*. This is a small point but an

important one in an anthology which will take its place as an important reference book.

*The Golden Treasury of Irish Verse* has a practical value because it is almost completely representative. Poets writing in the English literary tradition have their place in it with those who express our Irish tradition. The reader is allowed to judge for himself and draw his own conclusions. Nowadays, the makers of anthologies are less comprehensive in their methods and only anxious to present the trend of poetry as they see it themselves. Mr. MacDiarmid, to give him his due, does not follow the example of these compilers who copy one another. He has a deep knowledge of all Scottish poetry and his choice is his own. But there are temperamental lapses which detract from the historical and educational value of the book. He gives us prose translations from the Gaelic and Latin. Why then omit Macpherson, the founder of "Celticism" and a forerunner of European romanticism? Some of the light verse of Andrew Lang is included. Why, then, omit the work of that fine poet, Henley? William Sharp (Fiona McLeod) has been discredited but his lyrics represent a phase of the 'nineties, and there is, therefore, no sound reason for the omission of his name. Of living poets not more than fourteen are represented. Why omit William Jeffrey, one of the best of the younger poets? Why, for example, omit Lady Margaret Sackville, Lewis Spence, or Lord Alfred Douglas? Why omit Gordon Bottomley, who has given to Scotland a complete cycle of verse plays? Sometimes it is hard to understand Mr. MacDiarmid's choice of poems. Alexander Smith's *Barbara* may have been a popular choice in old-fashioned anthologies, but it represents his worst defects. His poem *Glasgow* is much better, and the opening passages of *Horton* would have interested readers to-day since the lines have the much praised quality of "contemporaneity."

The omissions and the defects in the anthology seem to be due to the fact that Mr. MacDiarmid did not make up his mind whether to give us an anthology of Scots poetry or a compilation representing all phases of poetry in Scotland. Mr. Lennox Robinson's anthology was made at a time when the Irish literary revival had long since been an accepted fact. Mr. MacDiarmid's anthology had been made in the middle of a literary battle which is still going on, and we must make allowances for the strange fortunes of war. Mr. MacDiarmid is the most considerable literary figure in Scotland to-day, and this book reflects in an exhilarating way his own passionate enthusiasm. He has, with an odd modesty, failed to represent his own poetry sufficiently in this book and has given us only some shorter pieces. The problem of Scottish poets and writers has a considerable resemblance to our own problems. But the difficulties and complications are even greater. For in Scotland there are three literary traditions, Scots, English and Gaelic. Looking back, a Scottish poet has in Gaelic a poetry which reached a further and later stage of development than in this country. In Scots he has that literature which was allowed to decline with the union of England and Scotland, the great roll call of the "makaris," Barbour, James I, Henryson, Dunbar, Douglas, Lindsay, and many others. There are the border ballads, and the folk literature, which culminated in Burns: and then the modern revival led to-day by Mr. MacDiarmid himself. The rise of nationalism in Ireland made us aware of what we are losing. In

Scotland attempts at a consolidated literary revival have been frustrated for several generations by lack of a desire even for mental independence and self-expression. The question whether Scots is declining as a living dialect is a matter for Scotland itself. The fact is that most poets in Scotland can express themselves better in that wonderful medium than in ordinary English. The best lyrical poetry of the middle ages was written by the wandering poets in rhyming Latin. If Scottish poets chose their historic medium and resist the temptation of a wider audience we must accept the fact that they are driven by some incalculable impulse of the spirit.

The real value of Mr. MacDiarmid's anthology is that it enables a reader to realise the main streams of Scottish literature. Most readers, for instance, will be surprised by the vigour and raciness of the Scottish Latin poets. *A Fisher's Apology*, by Arthur Johnstone (1587-1641), appears here for the first time in translation. It is a joyful discovery and all will agree that it is a veritable "star" piece of Scottish country life. "It is surely amazing," writes Mr. MacDiarmid, "that a poem of such quality should be unknown to all but half a dozen or so people in the land to whose literature it belongs." This is only one of the discoveries which MacDiarmid gives us. He is, in fact, a pioneer working almost single handed to recover neglected or despised tradition. He is in the position of our own pioneers of the last century who were struggling against indifference and alien influences. Mr. MacDiarmid points out that the process of better translations has scarcely begun yet with regard to the Gaelic literature of Scotland, though in Ireland the tradition of translation goes back a century. Mr. MacDiarmid has himself given us in this book several lengthy translations, *The Praise of Ben Dorain* by Donnchadh Bàn Mac an t-Saoir, which runs to sixteen pages, and the *Birlinn Chlann-Raghnaill* by Alasdair MacMhaighstir Alasdair, which covers twenty pages. The famous poem, *Beinn Dorainn*, deals with deer stalking, and the other poem is a ship-blessing, and a sea-incitement made for the crew of the Lord of Clanranald's sailing vessel. There is nothing quite like these in Irish poetry and we have nothing with the same verve and abounding vitality in our translations. These adaptations are in what we may call the rhyming phase of translations. They lack the inner movement and the softer assonantal music of the originals, but they have an exciting virtuosity of their own. Might one suggest that, although they are in English, they have caught something of the inimitable vigour of Scots, the high spirits which produced the *Flyingis*?

AUSTIN CLARKE.

THE POETRY OF W. B. YEATS. By Louis MacNeice. Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Louis MacNeice first attracted attention here with a poem entitled *Valediction*. It was an amusingly explosive farewell to Irish life, north and south. Once more a young poet was setting out on his travels, determined to face the problems of a grey industrial age. It was enjoyable for, in this country, we all feel like that at times when the weight of the centuries press hardly on us. Unfortunately, Mr. MacNeice cannot escape from his dislikes

and he seems to be developing that morbid fascination for Irish matters which we know only too well in a certain type of political Irishman. Apart from Yeats, he dismisses most of contemporary Irish poets in a few lines of ill-disguised contempt and, though it is obvious from his book that he is little acquainted with Irish letters as a whole, this does not prevent him from indulging in disparagement. He regards the Irish literary movement as merely a side issue. It does not even occur to him to wonder why writers in this country felt that they must resist the dominating influence of English literary fashions, recover their own traditions and attempt to express their own minds in their own way. Modern Irish literature, like all literary movements, has had the excesses of enthusiasm. But if we had been content to imitate or identify ourselves with the English mind, the genius of Moore, Yeats, Synge, Joyce would never have reached its full expression.

Mr. MacNeice's method of attack is quite ingenuous. He points out that Yeats's early work was steeped in later English romanticism. But he does not wish to see that the poet was all the time moving away steadily from English poetic influence. Mr. MacNeice has a temperamental dislike for most of what Yeats wrote before the age of fifty. That is his own affair, but it is not literary criticism, and it is ludicrous on his part to cite Yeats himself as the chief supporter of his point of view. Yeats, in his later phase, reacted from his early work, and an emotional change of that kind is not unusual. In his *Autobiographies* Yeats surveyed his past in the light of his later reactions. Conscious of the fact that the mood of his early work was temporarily out of fashion, he endeavoured to suggest that he had always been the Strong Man at the circus. He omitted the awkward phases, suppressed all reference to the enthusiasm he shared in his correspondence with Fiona MacLeod and others. All this was very human and understandable. Mr. MacNeice brings us on an escorted tour through the fairyland of Yeats's early poetry, quoting copiously all the time from the *Autobiographies*—apparently his sole guide book. The device might be amusing if it were not so naive. It shows a complete misunderstanding of Yeats, his love of mystification and his impish delight in setting false trails.

Mr. MacNeice's real object is to classify Yeats among the modernists, because the disillusion and bitterness of his later work attracted the attention of the younger poets and disciples of T. S. Eliot. But to judge Yeats's work by the standards of modernism is merely arbitrary and tiresome. Mr. MacNeice is always finding fault with Yeats and scolding his work whenever it does not conform with the theories of Eliot, Richards, Pound and others. The real facts are, of course, that Yeats was almost completely unacquainted with contemporary English poetry until he undertook the editorship of his famous and much abused *Oxford Book of Modern English Poetry*. Half maliciously, he "discovered" Georgian poets, such as W. J. Turner, Dorothy Wellesley, then the Sitwell school, and set these up in opposition to the younger school. Yeats was by no means unconscious of the *Zeitgeist*, but the development of his art was peculiarly his own. A traditionalist in temperament, he always remained strategically on the edge of tradition in the 'nineties as well as in the 'thirties. The modern problem of English poetry in recent years is an interesting study in itself, but it has been responsible for a great deal of

topical criticism which is too often frivolous when it is not doctrinaire. Already, according to Mr. MacNeice himself, the younger English poets are dismissing Yeats as a "mere reactionary, a man who wrote elegantly in an outmoded manner." Mr. MacNeice assures us, rather solemnly, that Mr. W. H. Auden "in his reaction from a rigid Marxism," has defended the Ivory Tower of Yeats and taken these younger revolutionaries to task.

A. C.

GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. Fourth Edition. Edited by H. C. Colles. Five volumes, with supplementary volume. Macmillan. Cloth, 30s. net per vol. ; half morocco, £2 net per vol.

More than sixty years have passed since Sir George Grove planned and edited his great Dictionary of music and musicians. For half a century lecturers and students, organists and choirmasters, not to mention the harassed and often hurried reviewer and critic, have blessed Grove for his unfailing help and Messrs. Macmillan for supplementing that help even unto the third and fourth editions. Indeed, with this supplementary volume to the fourth edition (1940) Grove is as youthful and obliging as ever, so that while the reader in early Italian music is rewarded with more data on Vivaldi the followers of the Besses o' the Barn and Black Dyke cannot complain that the Brass Band Movement is ignored. The articles, however, which make this volume of greatest interest are those covering the exciting events which followed the coming of Wireless, which in 1927, the date of publication of the third edition, was still in an experimental stage, and the contributions from such authorities in their several fields as Egon Wellesz, Karl Geiringer and Alfred Loewenberg, whose presence in England has enabled the editor to enter into close collaboration with them.

### ELGAR.

In this volume the editor concludes the story of Elgar and gives us a full catalogue of the composer's works, the last opus number being 87a, an arrangement for organ by Sir Ivor Atkins of the Severn Suite composed in 1930 for the Crystal Palace Brass Band Festival.

Much has been written about those last rather unsatisfactory years when Elgar, still in good health and mental vigour, failed to round off his splendid career by the completion of at least two major works, which had long been expected of him. Instead of the Third Oratorio and the Third Symphony, he went back rather to his early style in a merely charming suite for Royalty. After his death in 1934 there was the usual curiosity to see a master's last fragments and sketch-books. Had Elgar finished the trilogy begun with "The Apostles" and "The Kingdom" as far back as 1903? In spite of a search which was expected to be fruitful, only two principal fragments were found—a chorus and an orchestral passage. Why had Elgar neglected to complete a work which there is evidence to show never ceased to occupy his thoughts? The libretto, dealing with the conflict of the Church and Antichrist, had taken shape with the assistance of some theological friends, and Mrs. Blake, Elgar's daughter, noted in her diary that her father played some of the music for her on the piano. Even Sir Herbert Brewer, the closest of friends, believed the work to be almost finished

and hoped to produce it at the Gloucester Festival in 1928. Nor is the case of the so-called Third Symphony easier to understand, especially as Elgar foolishly allowed it to be thought that the work was written but unwanted. A tea party conversation got to the ears of the *Daily Mail*, which came out with a demand that this masterpiece immediately be given to music-lovers, cheap publicity which finally led to Sir John Reith offering the resources of the B.B.C. for the symphony's production. But the Third Symphony was merely a storm at a tea party, the few passages being some thinly orchestrated phrases of eight or sixteen bars.

Dr. Colles' now finished article on Elgar is a full account of this great composer's life and work, and the ten-page catalogue a fine example of scholarly thoroughness and research.

#### NEW NAMES.

Music in England has passed through a period of much creative activity since the third edition of Grove was published. The long and impressive lists of works by Vaughan Williams, John Ireland and Arnold Bax given in the supplementary volume are strong evidence of the increasing strength and energy of these great and now elderly figures in English music, while the thirteen years since 1927 have seen the growth of a new school of young composers who in the late twenties were just beginning to attract attention. To-day William Walton, Constant Lambert, E. J. Moeran and the young Benjamin Britten are the names which appear prominently in the programmes of Queen's Hall and the B.B.C.; and young conductors such as Leslie Heward and Richard Austin have established themselves as the successors of Harty, Beecham and Wood. Suites for orchestra, music for strings and ballets have come in quick succession from these young men, and two of them, Walton and Moeran, have recently reached the stature of symphonic writers. Constant Lambert's "Pomona" and "The Rio Grande," Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast," "Facade," and the Symphony, Moeran's Symphony in G minor and Farrago, and Britten's "Soirees Musicales" and the "Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge" are the successful achievements of vigorous and original minds.

The most striking example, however, of fertility in the symphonic field is the succession of symphonies which one of the seniors, Arnold Bax, has given us. This prolific composer has now seven symphonies to his credit, only one of which is mentioned in the last edition of Grove, and the long list of his works, including the seventh, produced in New York in 1939, makes one wonder how Bax found time and ideas to complete during the same period sundry overtures, concertos and chamber music. Vaughan Williams' record is no less remarkable. The nineteen-thirties have seen another symphony from him, the F minor, and in addition to a pianoforte concerto and a suite for viola and orchestra, two operas "Sir John in Love" and "The Poisoned Kiss," a setting of "Riders to the Sea," and the cantata "Dona Nobis Pacem" have come from his pen.

Is there in the work of the younger men much evidence of the idiom of the English folk-song to which Vaughan Williams has been so devoted, or a feeling for the Celticism and romanticism of Bax, or the spiritual mood of "Gerontius"? It would seem that Lambert, Walton and Britten, high-spirited as they are,

find their stimulants rather in parody and satire, in their literary contacts with Auden, Isherwood and the Sitwells, in Sadler's Wells and the cinema, and, not least, in the great memory of Diaghilev.

#### SADLER'S WELLS AND GLYNDEBOURNE.

Two exciting and successful events in England in recent years have been the formation of the Vic-Wells Ballet at Sadler's Wells and the excellent production of opera at Glyndebourne. Dyneley Hussey, in a long article in *Grove*, outlines the circumstances which led to the foundation in 1930 of the Carmargo Society. Diaghilev's death in 1929 left the "Ballet Russes" without his magnetic leadership and direction, and for a while it seemed as if there was no one to step in and draw together the quickly scattering forces. Fortunately Sadler's Wells Theatre, through the unceasing efforts of Lilian Baylis, was reopened in 1931, and here a much needed centre was immediately available for the development of ballet. A company was formed under the direction of Ninette de Valois with Constant Lambert as conductor. Miss de Valois had been a member of Diaghilev's company, and for some years prior to the opening of Sadler's Wells was associated with Miss Baylis in the productions at the Old Vic. Splendid progress was quickly made by this new group, and the present healthy state of ballet in England is wholly due to Miss de Valois' genius and direction. Many excellent ballets have been produced in recent years, notably Vaughan Williams' "Job," "The Rake's Progress," Walton's "Facade," Lambert's "Horoscope" and "Check-mate" by Arthur Bliss. The demand for ballet has so increased and been so insistent that tours of the English provinces have been successfully undertaken, and, even to-day, under the stress of war conditions, lunch-time performances of ballet find a willing audience.

The same enthusiasm and hard work which has brought the ballet at Sadler's Wells to a fine state of perfection has been responsible for another successful movement in the cause of opera. In 1934 Mr. John Christie, a wealthy patron of the Arts, built a small theatre adjoining his Elizabethan mansion in Sussex. This beautifully situated theatre, with a seating capacity of 300, was designed for the operas of Mozart rather than of Wagner. "Figaro," "Cosi fan tutti," "Don Giovanni" were produced with great success, so much so that only four years after its foundation Mr. Christie had to extend and enlarge his theatre in order to accommodate the increasing numbers who flocked to Glyndebourne for the season. A deeper stage also made possible the production of Verdi's "Macbeth" and Donizetti's "Don Pasquale." Care in casting each opera, the excellence of the orchestral playing under Fritz Bushe, and the distinguished productions of Carl Ebert have made Glyndebourne justly famous.

This Fourth Edition of *Grove* brings the great Dictionary forward another thirteen years and supplies a vast amount of information under the headings of Broadcasting, Musicology, Musical Copyright, Key, Libraries and Collections of Music, Opera, and a valuable thirty-five page catalogue of the works of Liszt.

Dr. Colles and his distinguished colleagues are to be congratulated on the result of their enormous labours, as are also Messrs. Macmillan for giving us in these difficult times another edition of this monumental work.

ARTHUR DUFF.

VETERANS. By Donagh MacDonagh. The Cuala Press. 11s. 6d.

Mr. Donagh MacDonagh's first book of verse appears in the aristocratic format of the Cuala Press. What can so young a poet, and he is a genuine poet, have left for his old age! Expectations of great things are raised by the fine paper, the urbane Caslon type, the liberal margins, the high price, and by the distinguished tradition of Cuala books of verse. *Veterans* partly fulfils expectations, partly disappoints. Promise there is in plenty, with some mature execution; which suggests that the crop is not ripening evenly. Mediocre work there is, hedged around by glorious lines; which shows that security has not yet settled on the pen. Despite Martial, who would have it that a book to be a book must contain the good, the bad, and the indifferent, I prefer my books of verse neat.

The promise may be described in the poet's technical scope and in his attitude towards life. Technically, he is not a grooved traditionalist. He attempts experiments with different stanza forms, different line-lengths, and with the rhythms of ordinary speech. In his use of speech rhythms he has the work of other Irish poets as his examples, if not as his exemplars. He can learn from them. His best controlled lines are his shortest, while many a long line sags chiefly because the strong word or epithet that would flick it up into life is absent. For example, "Into the thousand shut houses of the shadowed squares" is just flat. As for his stanza forms, he tries to work them out of the exigencies of the content, and thus finds a freshness that has distinguished many modern Irish poets. The remarkably good poem in memory of Charles Donnelly is of that kind, as is "A City" and about half of "Fontainebleau, 1937."

Emotionally and intellectually, he is alive to life as it is lived in our time. He looks neither for the ivory tower nor the tinted spectacles of the romantic observer. In itself this awareness is not peculiar to poets. Journalists must have it, topical historians, and novelists with an eye to business. But it does indicate that the poet possesses vulgar vitality. Of this awareness, two remarks may be made. First, it is peculiarly lacking in the tang or savour or gizz of Irishry. This is not said in any carping manner, but is merely intended to be a statement of what is believed to be a fact. It is not suggested that Mr. MacDonagh does not write as an Irish poet. How could he do otherwise! However, it is suggested that the poet's self, like the self of many a young Irish writer, is divided, forked between allegiance and affection towards whatever there is of the Irish thing, and whatever influences have come to him by way of modern English literature with its international air. One senses partial exile of the mind, as one does not sense it in, say, the verse of Higgins. For example, were it not for a few biographical hints in the poem itself, the well-made poem about Charles Donnelly might be about any or every young brilliant lad who went out to leave his bones in Spain.

*They gave him a gun,  
A trigger to pull that any peasant finger  
Could have pulled as well . . . .*

That sample, if one judges by the American echoes of its phrasing and the urbanized implications of "peasant finger" could have been written by a poet who is not Irish.

The second remark about the awareness is that it is tart with disillusionment and sophisticated hardness. Look at the final stanza of "Veterans," a poem about the survivors of the Irish war, towards the etching of which not a little acid was used :—

*Only the dead beneath their granite signatures  
Are untroubled by the touch of day and day,  
Only in them the first rich vision endures ;  
Those over clay  
Retouch in memory, with sentiment relive,  
April and May.*

It is pleasant to read the work of a poet who is young, unafraid of experiment, very sincere, and of so definite and considerable a stature when he writes well. Mr. MacDonagh is to be congratulated on his brave beginning, an augury for Irish letters. F. MACM.

**BALLADS OF MOURNE.** By Richard Rowley. Dundalgan Press. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Richard Rowley's purpose in this book is mainly song, song to and about his own folk of the Kingdom of Mourne. Poetry is Mr. Rowley's natural means of expression, and song his instinctive form of poetry. He will have none of ambiguity and obscurity, and creaking rhythms and harsh sounds. His verse is as limpidly clear as the streams that flow down the rocky bastions of Slieve Bearnagh ; the words he uses are sweet-sounding, and enriched by old associations ; the melodies are simple, singable, and easily remembered. In short his method in this well-produced book is admirably suited to the purpose avowed by the title.

Here, then, are the Mournes for Mourne dwellers ; but not for Mourne dwellers alone. These ballads will appeal to every one who loves hills, and trees, and peat water hurrying over granite sand or resting in quiet pools that mirror cherry-blossom or sloe ; who loves simple people leading natural lives. The Mournes ; but, for the most part, the Mournes in fine weather. The folk, too, are at their best. If there are sorrows they can be kept for a wet day. There is a rogue or two ; but they are likeable rogues ; one turns a blind eye, and does not report them to the police. But good or bad, men or women, in this book of ballads they speak the language of their district, and move and act much as they would do in life. For Mr. Rowley knows his Kingdom, knows it townland by townland, with all their beautiful names. He has other notes in his compass, of city and factory ; but he has wisely left them out of this book of mountainy ballads, which will give wide pleasure.

**BIBLIOGRAPHY OF IRISH HISTORY, 1870-1911.** (National Library of Ireland). xviii+311 pp. By James Carty, M.A. Dublin : Government Publications Sale Office. 10s. 6d.

This is a Bibliography of Irish History between the years 1870 and 1911. The year 1870 has been selected as marking, on the one hand, the end of the

Fenian period and, on the other hand, the beginning of the Home Rule movement and of the series of Land Measures which transformed the social economy of Ireland. The literature of the subsequent decade has already been covered by a work for 1912-1921, and the present Bibliography will be followed by a volume for the period from the Act of Union (1801) to 1870.

In the general arrangement of his Bibliography Mr. Carty has given us an extremely simple and time-saving means of reference to the works which he has catalogued and annotated. There are fifteen sections in the book, embracing Administration and Justice, The Struggle for the Land, Political, Agriculture and Fisheries, the Dramatic and Literary Movements, and so on. The references tabulated in each section are in alphabetical order, and there is a numeral index to the authors. There is, too, a Chronology of National Events during the period covered. The compiler's work has been done accurately and diligently, and no appropriate or relevant book, pamphlet, parliamentary paper or official publication seems to have escaped his notice. Articles in the quarterly and monthly reviews have been included. Mr. Carty has, wisely and generously, taken History in the widest meaning of the term, and given a special section to General Descriptions, Surveys and Tours; so no phase of national and social life has been left uncovered. This is a work well done. There are a few misprints and misplacings in the consecutive numberings, but these are not of very much importance, and doubtless they will be corrected in any future issues of this valuable work. In pp. 92 and 93, 823 is repeated; pp. 45 and 46, 392 to 401 are wanting; pp. 87, for 782 read 792; pp. 107, transpose 956a and 956; pp. 127, for 1140a read 1139a; pp. 128, for 8 read 1158. In pp. 130 and 131 the numbers run 1180, 1182, 1184, 1186, 1184a, 1185, 1186. Here, by checking back from the Index of Authors, it will be found that by altering 1184 to 1183, and the first 1186 to 1184, the sequence will run correctly.

IRELAND IN THE AGE OF REFORM AND REVOLUTION. A Commentary on Anglo-Irish Relations and on Political Forces in Ireland, 1840-1921. By Nicholas Mansergh. 261 pp. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

It is refreshing to read so objective a book as this on Irish politics. For although Mr. Mansergh begins by asserting that pre-Treaty Anglo-Irish politics have at last passed into history, events belie him: in Ireland they have never become history, and the current question of the ports has brought them again to the front in English political discussion. Yet the author of this book has done what no Irishman and few Englishmen could do, has presented an acute analysis of the forces at work, as nearly objective as can be—without bitterness, with only an occasional irony at the unconstitutionality of the intransigents' opposition to Home Rule. And more than that, he has made an attempt to place the events in their European perspective; substantial sections of the book are devoted to a discussion of the attitudes of Marxists and Italian Nationalists to the Irish Question.

Beyond the approach, the book attempts no fresh contribution to knowledge of the subject. By its size it narrows itself to a critical examination of the readily available information. But the approach is profitable. Those who know Mr.

Mansergh's previous works, *The Irish Free State* and *The Government of Northern Ireland* will be prepared for the emphasis laid here on the constitutional element in developments. Yet the present work goes more deeply into the question of the inter-relation of economic, political and institutional factors in the making of history. The older generation of Irish historians has laid almost exclusive emphasis on the political struggle, while in a few an over-emphasis on the economic has represented a healthy reaction. Mr. Mansergh contends that concentration on no single factor is sufficient, and in his critique of the purely economic approach, as adopted by Lenin, he demonstrates the peculiar inadequacy of Marxism when applied to the study of Irish history. The growth of the middle class after the Land settlement of 1903 did not lead on to a final conflict between bourgeoisie and proletariat, but, as everyone knows, to the entrenchment of a bourgeois nationalist state, with the progressive weakening of the labour movement. The majority of the governing class in Ireland to-day are at no more than one remove from the agricultural middle-class, and they exhibit the qualities one would expect from this—they are conservative in politics, puritan in morals, and profoundly suspicious of intellectual and internationalist ideas. The aristocratic ideal, of which Yeats and Griffith dreamed, and which Kevin O'Higgins and Desmond Fitzgerald represented, has gone by the board.

In his final chapter, criticizing the provincialism of contemporary Irish nationalism—for it is a fact that Ireland to-day is more intellectually remote from the continent than at any time in the last century and a half—Mr. Mansergh holds out the ancient wisdom of Sun Yat Sen: "We must understand that cosmopolitanism grows out of nationalism: if we want to extend cosmopolitanism we must first establish strongly our own nationalism." This is the problem we cannot shelve to-day. For undoubtedly internationalism is the end of western civilisation, but citizens of small nations as well as of big will do well to remember that the road to internationalism—call it Federal Union or what you will—is by transcending nationalism and not by denying it.

This is a book that matters to Irish readers.

G. F.

A POPULOUS SOLITUDE. By Robert Lloyd Praeger. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis. 8s. 6d.

In following up the exceptional success of *The Way that I Went*, Dr. Praeger extends the range of his rambles through and around Ireland, and brightens our somewhat sombre days with more of his delightful reminiscences. "Anyone (he says) who is rash enough to write about himself is naturally anxious to put his best foot foremost—to make the most of any achievement he may have perpetrated or excitement he may have encountered. I endeavoured to do this in *The Way that I Went*, and was surprised to find that some readers found interest in happenings so trivial as those recorded in that book." Why the surprise? Is not it the seemingly trivial—the personal and intimate interest—that makes up all which is best in *belles lettres*, whether they be those of Borrow, Lucas, Mais or Praeger. Then, too, Dr. Praeger's interests are so varied and widely-spread that there can be but a very few readers—and those very dull ones—for whom he does not provide generous measures of amusement and entertainment and, if the reader be a student of natural history, instruction.

In the first chapter, "A Populous Solitude," the author is at his best in reminiscent description as he takes us meandering through Glengananim. All the time, from when we enter the Glen, "at the edge of the forest," until we leave it, atop of a hearse, Dr. Praeger is revealing his rare powers of observation and recollection, and showing us the fauna and flora. This is a restful glen, and we visit it during the bygone days of peace—"before the wire-mattress had swept like a conflagration across the Irish hotel-world." On a summit we meet an elderly, upstanding turf-cutter who had been for fifteen years in Pittsburg. Yielding to temptation, Dr. Praeger asks him: "What brought you back after all those years, to a poor holding like this? In the States you must have been making good money." The "son of Anak" draws himself up to his full six feet, looks along the hilly coast before us, fills his lungs and breathes it out: "Man, the peace of it!" It is the most convincing answer a Donegal man can give.

No book about Ireland is really complete unless it contains one chapter (at least) about Dublin—with or without Lady Morgan's hackneyed adjectives; and here is portrayed for us the city of "A.E.," of George Moore and John Jolly, and of numerous contemporaries in the tranquil period that preceded 1914. Mainly it is a city of the 'nineties. A distressing picture of Noisy Dublin—its ashbins and their treatment in the hands of heroic refuse-fighters, its advertisement hoardings, dismal railway-stations, canals, and the like—is the outcome from a whimsical suggestion that "A.E." and Dr. Praeger should both write the worst he had to say in disparagement of the town that provided them with bread and butter. "A.E.'s" contribution (if ever it was written, which is doubtful) would have been a curious addition to his voluminous and varied essays. Dr. Praeger's "abuse," written in an "east wind and with a jaundiced-eye," is quite as humorous as anything hitherto written about the city, and his distressing picture dissolves when a low, red sun floods down the Liffey and great swans appear, flying in perfect formation, their gleaming plumage all snowy against the old houses opposite. Then one gazes at a dream city, beautiful beyond belief.

This is a companionable book of rare charm, written by a naturalist who knows and loves the countrysides and byways through which he takes us.

THE POEMS OF ALICE MEYNELL. Complete Edition. Oxford University Press: Humphrey Milford. 4s.

This beautiful and cheap book gives to discriminating readers of verse a chance of forming a more or less complete judgment of the poems of Alice Meynell. The judgment has not been, hitherto, easy to make. Too many of her admirers have been captivated by interesting or charming irrelevancies. They have recalled, in the act of judgment itself, when their minds should have been preclusive, that she was an indefatigable woman with no less than eight children, or that she was good-looking, as Stokes' water-colour in this book testifies to the world, or that she was one of those amazing creatures, a "pencilling mamma," as Meredith called her, or that Max Beerbohm once declared, "in a few years Miss Meynell will become a sort of substitute for the English Sabbath." The few years have passed and Beerbohm's ironic prophecy has been lamentably un-

fulfilled, lamentably, that is, if one meditates on what the English Sabbath did become as the ancient decorum faded.

Alice Meynell stands the test. She survives even the primitive admiration of her followers. She was a poet. Indeed, she was a mature poet early. In this new book some *juvenilia* are published for the first time, and the editor, Mr. Frederick Page, says truly that "for freshness of poetic power, it would be difficult to find a parallel in English literature." There was more than mere freshness, a quality that is more often than not the product of an uncultivated but active talent. There was a cool maturity of phrasing that shows itself in lucid lines and in the precise composition of stanzas.

Her restraint was uncommon for one so young; in fact, uncommon among her contemporaries. And restraint was what she needed.

For her impulse was passionate. She loved the earth, the trees, flowers, grass, rain and the winds, with an ardency that was sincere, childlike, and strongly romantic, even though such love appeared fashionable. Of course it was not wild earth, but a world that yet discovered itself through the morning mists of the Garden of Eden. Poem after poem preserves this innocence, caught in the coloured phrases like sunlight in stained glass. Had she observed more widely and meditated more deeply, perhaps she would have discovered something of nature red in tooth and claw; but then it would have been our loss, for one cannot conceive her fragile verse becoming a voice for raucous, hoarse realism. As for the world of men, she looked at it mostly with the same innocence. Her love poems, fervent like her religious verse, are candid and uninvolved.

Oh, which are they that come through sweetest light  
Of all these homing birds?  
Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight?  
Your words to me, your words!

Still, when she did catch glimpses of the trouble in man's world in which innocence can but hardily live, she somehow remained remote, untouched, a contemplative and never a partisan. There is that late poem of hers about Ireland in 1920:—

A mirror faced a mirror: ire and hate  
Opposite ire and hate; the multiplied,  
The complex charge rejected, intricate,  
From side to sullen side;

One plot, one crime, one treachery, nay, one name,  
Assumed, denounced, in echoes of replies.  
The doubt, exchanged, lit thousands of one flame  
Within these mutual eyes.

A beautiful book. Mr. Page has provided indexes of first lines and titles, and some bibliographical notes, admittedly incomplete, among which I could discover no reference to that early series of the *Irish Monthly* which also published Wilde, Yeats, Belloc and Hopkins. As for the typographical arrangement by Mr. Francis Meynell, exquisite is the word to apply.

F. MACM.

THE CURLEW CRIES. By J. Redwood Anderson. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.

J. Redwood Anderson's *The Curlew Cries* is not only his best book, but the most musical volume of pastoral verse that has appeared since the Armistice of 1918. It has not the strangeness and crowded richness of detail which characterize Edmund Blunden's volumes, but for sheer organ and bardic quality nothing quite like it in the realms of pastoral verse has as yet appeared. Most English reviewers, dull-eared, or wilful, or scared of its basic traditionalism functioning through new iambic forms, have ignored its main characteristics. Written for the ear rather than for the eye, each poem should be read aloud before final judgment is pronounced, for the effect is cumulative and rhetorical rather than briefly lyrical. But to quote a characteristic passage:—

Monotonous, the moors,  
Mile upon mile, from sky to sky,  
Monotonous, the moors,  
The great moors lie.

Now, these short lines, used as a refrain, may not sound particularly striking taken in detachment, but read into the texture of the whole poem the effect is most impressive; and though the cumulative force of the verse is somewhat monotonous, it has been deliberately aimed at, and is the work of a very fine artist, and is intended to convey an atmosphere of spaciousness, specially relative to those moorland and treeless landscapes, which Mr. Anderson delights in delineating. Most original, too, is the short-line texture of the verse, and resembles no other poet's save perhaps Coventry Patmore's, though Mr. Anderson makes use of repetition and refrain in a way that was foreign to Patmore. But while the thought is rather more on the surface than Patmore's, the book is well packed with meditation and philosophy, and abounds with telling, natural phrases, of a sort of inevitability of diction that is uncommonly impressive. Mr. Anderson rarely makes a mistake; and I think I have only once caught him tripping:—

There, the small villages; and there, aloof,  
With yellow rick, grey wall, red roof,  
The farms.

Here the words "red roof" hit one rather in the eye, because red-tiled houses are rarely seen in moorland landscapes, and when they occur are generally an eyesore. Probably, though, Mr. Anderson is writing about the moorlands near Whitby, which are unique and different among moorlands.

A peculiar feature of the verse's contents is its parallelism. So when Mr. Anderson sings of the lambs leaping on the hillside they become to him "the young lambs of hope" seen "playing upon the dark moors of despair," and when he writes of a molten sunset at the end of a grey day he sees Odin and Valhalla and the Valkyries in the cloud formations—prophecies of human storm and war. And, looking at a broken and fallen signpost, he exclaims:—

Yesterday's truth, to-day's uncertainty,  
Who knows but it may prove to-morrow's lie?  
Who, then, shall point us on our way?  
Yesterday knows not—nor to-day.

The poems are not merely finely worded descriptions of natural phenomena including the different moods they provoke, but also philosophical comments upon aspects in man's life, now comforting, now despairing, and occasionally deeply moving.

HERBERT PALMER.

THE POEMS OF THOMAS PESTELL. Edited, with an Account of his Life and Work, by Hannah Buchan. Blackwell. 1940. 12s. 6d. Pp. lvi, 146.

Thomas Pestell was born in 1585, educated at Cambridge, held various livings, published a number of sermons in pamphlet form, was for some time chaplain in ordinary to Charles I, was dispossessed some years before the execution of the King, but returned to a living in Leicester just before the Restoration, and died in 1667.

Some few of his lyrics had been enshrined in anthologies. Miss Buchan had the good fortune to identify as his work a hitherto unrecognised MS. in Harvard Library, and so has added considerably to the scanty *corpus* of her author. The poems, many of which are occasional, reflect the literary tastes and friendships of Pestell. Donne and Beaumont are among his admirations. His own verse is distinctly in the school of the great Dean. Donne's poetry has been likened to a smoky fire with flashes of brilliant radiancy. Pestell, it must be confessed, has been more successful in imitating the smoke than the flame. But he is not unskilled in handling the heroic couplet; he is often musical, and sometimes expresses himself with vigour and energy. In his verses "To Mr. Iohn Beaumont" he tells us that:—

"strong and healthfull verse, like vertue leaues  
(Sae ye delight & wonder hee receaues)  
No glad infection in ye learners brayne  
To make him hitt upon ye like againe."

This "glad infection" but seldom visited Pestell.

Compliment and elegy, polite verses to great ladies of his acquaintance, amusing congratulations to clerical friends on their promotion, an odd diatribe against tobacco; such are his themes. Messrs. Blackwell are to be congratulated on a beautiful volume; and Miss Buchan on a scholarly and painstaking edition. She wisely refrains from making any exaggerated claims for her poet. No one could pretend that his place is very high; but one gets the impression of an erudite mind; some feeling for the music of verse; some taste; but not enough to save him from imitating the weaknesses of the Metaphysical school rather than its strength.

H. O. WHITE.

MY UNCLE FRANK. By Thomas Bodkin. Robert Hale. 5s.

This is the story of a little Dublin boy's holidays with his uncle in the country forty years ago and more. It is both a biography of a very attractive and pleasantly eccentric character and a fragment—I hope not the only fragment—of its author's autobiography. "To set evil from me," the author quotes on a fly-leaf, "and to put away my grief, I purposed to begin a book," and this book

will do for the reader what the author himself had hoped from its writing ; for few will fail to be drawn back by it from the present winter of our discontent to long summer days of happy childhood.

Frank MacMahon, at the age of forty, sold a large but impoverished property in the West, bought a smaller place in the Co. Kildare, and took himself to Dublin as a medical student, a contemporary in the schools of his eldest son. After titanic struggles with the examiners—he was no scholar, and his difficulties were in subjects of literary education rather than in technical matters—he qualified as a medical practitioner, and in those easy days found himself, we are not told by what means, unanimously elected by the County Council dispensary doctor of the very district in which his new home was situate. This, no doubt, will seem a fairy tale to many highly qualified men now aged forty. But those were the days ! Dr. MacMahon, country gentleman, farmer and horse-coper, was loved and honoured by the countryside, “ a decent man of the old stock,” and his house and its woods and pastures were a paradise for the little boy from Dublin. From that paradise the world

“ stretched away in gentle slopes to the wooded horizon. Near by, southwards and westwards, lay the great Bog of Allen that fills the centre of Ireland. When you passed the low isolated Hill of Allen, about three miles distant from the house, it spread as far as eye could see to an unbroken skyline, a moist carpet of purple ling, yellow gorse, golden bracken, silvery bog-cotton and vivid green weeds and rushes, slashed here and there by gleaming pools and bastions of cut turf ; deserted, mysterious and silent, save for the plaintive cries of the curlews or the drumming of a solitary snipe.”

Against this lovely background Professor Bodkin brings to life again with great charm in most delightful prose the old house, its master and mistress, their friends and servants and young Master Tom himself. Who would not like to be with the doctor on the car behind Jack Yeats' horse of the frontispiece ? Well may we in these days murmur sadly—

“ O mihi praeteritos referat si Jupiter annos.”

J. P. O'R.

THOMASHEEN JAMES, MAN-OF-NO-WORK. By Maurice Walsh. Chambers. 8s.

It is the man behind the gun that counts; and the same holds true in literature. The good-natured man writes good-natured books. In Maurice Walsh's fiction there is bound to be more than the average of hours of sunshine. Sooner or later you will come down to a layer of likeable human kindness in his characters. And who will object, especially nowadays? The realist gets the bouquets, though it is merely for picking out the unpleasant truths of life. The poor romantic is scolded—not by the writer of this notice—but he is not without his reward.

Nor will he be this time. Maurice Walsh has done it again. Thomasheen James is one of his happiest, most likeable creations. He is a well-known Irish type. You will find him everywhere, sometimes behind a poacher's gun or

rod, sometimes at the wheel of a Dublin taxi-cab, full of beguiling codology. He is a rogue; but you pardon him because he measures the length of your foot so accurately. He flatters to deceive, but how adroitly!

Thomasheen James is a distillation of scores of such engaging tricksters. You will like him all the way, remember him, and go back to listen to his "crack." His adventures bring him among fishing-boats, canaries, pheasants and horses, till at last he sinks into the vigorous arms of a female tinker with masculine qualities. Perhaps Maurice Walsh at times, like Scott, "sprinkles rather too much parsley over the chicken." But he can tell a story. His parsley grows on his country's soil, and he knows every inch of the garden. Thomasheen James is a character; pleasantly exaggerated, no doubt, but exaggerated from truth. You will spend amused hours with him.

THE ORCHESTRA IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Adam Carse. Cambridge : Heffer. 10s. 6d.

It is inevitable that we should think of the musicians of the eighteenth century as actors in a period play. We see them in their wigs and fancy clothes as the *dramatis personae* of a witty comedy, the curtain going up on a Dresden court or a Georgian interior, a *grave* or *allegro* from the orchestra. Were these players so stage-like after all? Did tempers ever get ruffled in such polished surroundings, and was a powdered wig ever thrown to the ceiling in despair at wrong notes from the flute or bad intonation in the bassoon? Judging from the benign expression on the faces of the eight gentlemen in the 1730 frontispiece of Mr. Carse's book, they were as polite and well-mannered as their music. Yet the conditions under which they worked were not enviable. The eighteenth century musician was treated as a servant. The Kapellmeister had to compose whatever his patron wanted. As Mr. Carse says, "he was kept for the purpose of supplying music just as we keep hens to lay eggs for us." Thus their music is often occasional and written to order. Haydn, when asked why he had not composed any quintets, replied: "Because nobody has ordered any." The keyboard instrument was the foundation of the eighteenth century orchestra, and on it the composer relied for the fullness of his chords owing to the fact that the three sections—the bowed-strings, the wood-wind and the brass group—were not always harmonically complete. From this chordal centre the performance was directed because in those days the conductor with his baton was unknown. We read:—

Dublin, 1777-78. "Signor St. Giorgio conducted at the piano-forte, and Signor Georgi led the band."

Dublin, 1779. "The Band: At the piano-forte, Michael Arne; Leader, the celebrated Pinto."

Mr. Carse is a clear and careful commentator on his subject, and he has compiled from authentic contemporary records much valuable information on the orchestral and social history of the period. An excellent and useful book.

ARTHUR DUFF.

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SOME MEMORIES OF W. B. YEATS. By John Masefield. The Cuala Press, Dublin. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Masefield has certainly put his vision of Yeats in charming fashion in this book. It is fragmentary, mingled verse and prose, the prose full of trivial detail, the verse sincere and unaffected, and in its simplicity paying the best homage to his dead friend. In "Finn and the Chess-men" I read a lovely, rather old-fashioned poem, which comes with soothing to the mind, and rejoice that an English poet should think of linking up Yeats and Finn in a heroic kinship. It is essentially a private book, full of delicate intimacies, and fitting to be included in the lovely series coming from The Cuala Press. The Edition is limited to 370 copies.

THE STREETS OF LONDON. By Thomas Burke. London: Batsford. 10s. 6d. net.

This is an outstanding book of the moment. It is informative and entertaining, and it will be educationally and historically valuable in the years to come. In appraising the reproductions of prints and paintings of the present and by-gone times one wonders how many of the originals already have been destroyed. Even while the proofs of the work were being passed for press the streets of London were being bombarded; but Mr. Burke declares his faith that what London was and is cannot be obliterated by any act of man, that its ancient memorials and modern palaces may be razed, and its tortuous old ways blasted away, but that the soul of the great city is not vulnerable to high explosive, and it cannot die.

In giving us this panorama, or cavalcade, from Before 1600 to Within Memory, Mr. Burke has done all that an author could do to preserve in concise form an authentic account of six hundred years of London's life and affairs; and in the doing of it he has shown himself to be the rightful successor to suchlike street-life writers as Sala and Sims. His earlier writings on parts of London and some phases of its affairs are, of course, well known for the accuracy of his topographical descriptions and his rare powers of character depiction. Here he has undertaken the more exacting tasks of the diligent researcher and the accurate historian, and both of them have been done creditably. Yet, *Streets of London* is lightly written, more in the style of a story than a historical record, and it is racy with anecdote.

There are a hundred illustrations, including two plates in colour, and the presentation of these is quite up to the high standard of excellence which habitually we expect to find in all the Batsford Books.

DRAWINGS FROM LIFE. By Eric Gill. 36 full-page Plates. London: Hague & Gill, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

The young artist turned critic expresses often enough only the more vehement of his stages of growth so that, as with Gaudier-Brzeska, one is aware chiefly of the disparity between his artistic vigour and his vaguer mental processes.

But the mature craftsman who discusses his craft speaks with authority. Eric Gill, in his introductory essay to *Drawings from Life*, indicated the laws he

recognised as an artist. For him the beauties of nature were the expression of non-resistance to the interplay of internal and external forces that resolved themselves into rhythmical patterns—reaction in terms of economy, of passivity, for “rebellion against what is necessary is not only futile but destructive of order and therefore of all good, and productive of chaos and therefore of all the slaveries.” Which reminds one of T. S. Eliot’s perception of the function of the poet: “not our feelings but the pattern which we make of our feelings is the centre of value.” And his insistence that the poet’s concern is to find “the emotional equivalent of thought” is echoed by Gill’s definition that the work of art “is in its essence a translation into material of something seen inwardly, in the imagination, a thing created first of all in the mind and then reproduced in material.”

The criticism of a sterile technique is specially pointed when one reflects on his own craftsmanship. “But man is . . . a rational person, therefore having freewill, therefore responsible for his acts, for his acts of disobedience and therefore for his obedience also. He is responsible for hating and also for loving, and these motions of the soul are necessarily reflected in his body. The wounds inflicted by his hates or by the consequence of his hates, the sweetness and tenderness of his loves are seen in his limbs. You cannot draw the human animal and disregard these facts. If you do so, the result is a dead thing, and that is perhaps why the ‘life’ drawings made by students in those dens of falsity we call art-schools are almost invariably tedious; for the wretched student is only concerned with shapes and structures and is totally regardless of the fact that he is drawing persons.”

Gill was essentially a religious artist and for him, therefore, a drawing was “in its proper nature a work of creation, and it is a thing created in a real collaboration with God.” Which leads him to an adumbration of the purpose to be served by nude drawings (such as those of his book) and other figure paintings and landscapes. Such a picture “is a kind of ikon—a holy image” to replace, owing to the secularization of life, the ikons of the Saints of more primitive times.

Gill ends his essay: “I do not suggest that the pictures illustrate the text; I only hope that, in a manner, the text may illustrate the pictures.” The text does more: it illustrates the integrity and imaginative vision of his mind, as the thirty-six drawings reveal his quality as an artist. ELIZABETH MILNE.

VERSAILLES SUMMER. (POEMS). By Edward Wykeham Edmonds. Williams and Northgate. 2s. 6d. net.

This is a first book of poetry: modern in mood: youthful in bitterness: the promise (at times the successful achievement) of a sensitive intelligence. Mr. Edmonds has grouped the contents under three headings—Political and Satirical: Occasional: lastly, Values. While this arrangement is not wholly satisfactory, it indicates the bewilderment out of which a new poet must achieve the integration of his art, and of his own personality, when he cannot move as an automaton within the contemporary scene. Certain satirical portraits—*Evacuation*, and *In Their Generation*—show the Sitwellian influences. *On The Death of a Victorian Lady* is executed with a sympathetic grace which has none of a young man’s cruelty. Mr. Edmonds’ detachment may finally stand to him,

rather than his bitterness and the transcendent I-told-you-so of *Cynic Triumphant*. In point of craftsmanship, he will learn that a weak last stanza (*Evacuation*) or a weak last line (*Michaelmas*) can be equally destructive of a whole poem. We found *Moon After Frost* particularly satisfying, and hope that this first collection will not be overlooked in the present chaos. But the financial way of the poet is hard.

TEMPLE LANE.

IF I LAUGH. By Rupert Dowling. London : Harrap. 8s. 6d.

There is not much laughter in this book, the title of which is to be found in a classical quotation. Here is a first recording of the civilian evacuation of Paris when the German hosts were about to make their entry. The author, who had held a position in the French broadcasting service, found it imperative to make a rapid departure ; and he recounts in detail—rather too much immaterial detail—his journeyings on a bicycle to some of the Channel ports, which were, he found, closed against him, and eventually to and across the Spanish frontier. The important lesson to be learned is that every civilian living within districts invaded, or about to be invaded, by a hostile army must remain “put,” otherwise any counter, defensive action will be made negligible if not impossible. There is a graphic account of the appalling congestion and disorganisation brought about by the fleeing civilians getting mixed up with the advancing French forces. Mr. Dowling had the *nous* to keep, as often as it were possible to do so, to by-roads, and so he came safely to the end of his flight.

As the inhabitants of the departments through which the author passed had not yet realised their imminent danger, most of the experiences described are similar to those which might be met with while on a cycling tour undertaken for any ordinary purpose, or for no purpose. There is an exciting ending, on the Spanish border, and by the generous aid of the U.S.A. Consular Service the author makes his hairbreadth escape.

GODFREY DAY. By the Rev. R. R. Hartford. Dublin : The Talbot Press. 7s. 6d.

The author outlines the career of Archbishop Day, as a missionary, pastor and primate ; he gives us, too, the story of a broadminded, tolerant Churchman, who had a depth of human understanding and national sympathy. Godfrey Day, a Kerryman, spent his earlier days at Greystones. At Cambridge he was an active member of the University Irish Society, an enthusiastic cricketer and a Rugby player. Answering the call from the Mission Field, he went to India and served as a professor at St. Stephen's College, Delhi, until illness necessitated his return to Ireland. Probably the happier period in his life, and certainly the most interesting part for the general reader, was during the years of his associations with Kilkenny, where he was on the most friendly terms with all its people. He took a real interest in the civic, social and educational affairs of the Marble City, where he was honoured as a good neighbour and a patriot, and where the Mayor and Corporation conferred upon him the Freedom of that ancient borough.